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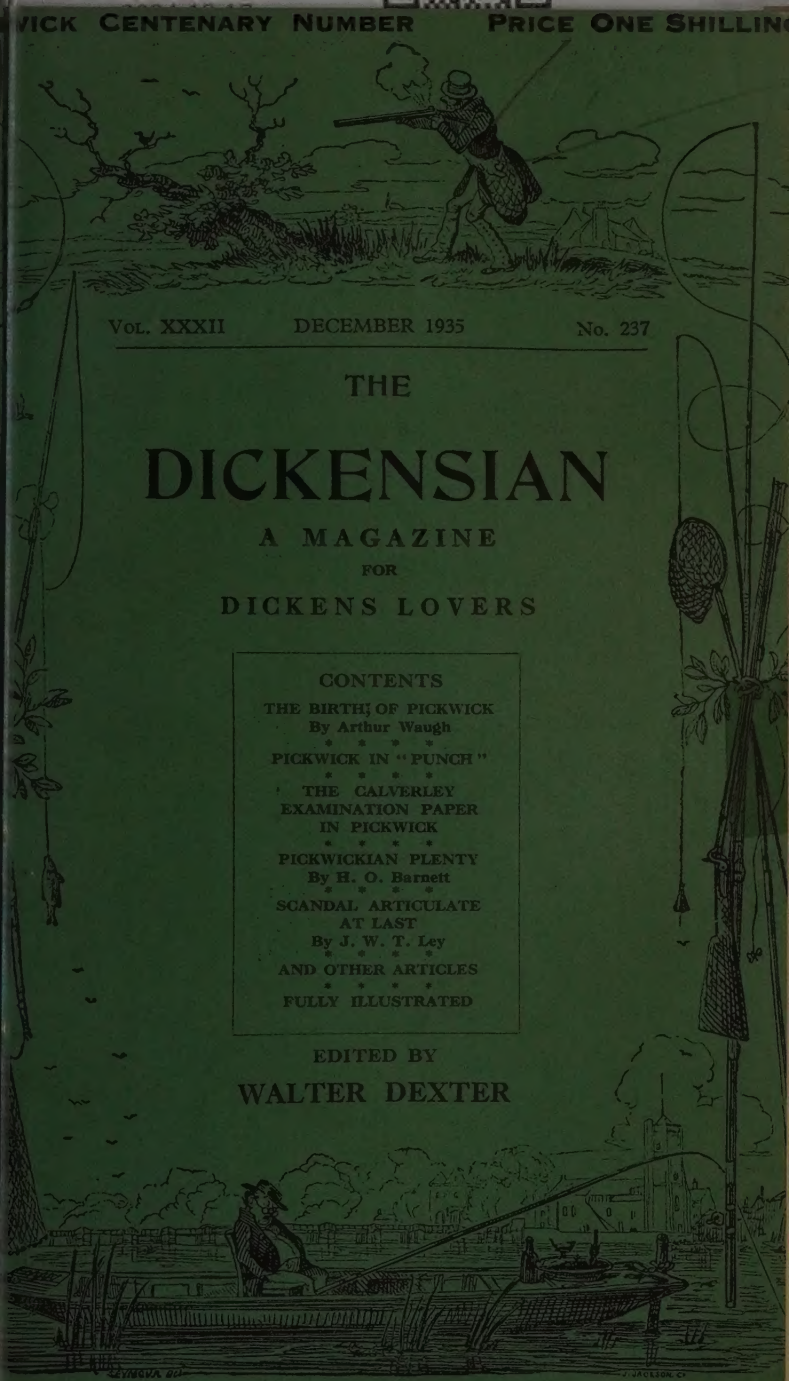

VOL. XXXII DECEMBER 1935 No. 237

THE DICKENSIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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FULLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY

WALTER DEXTER

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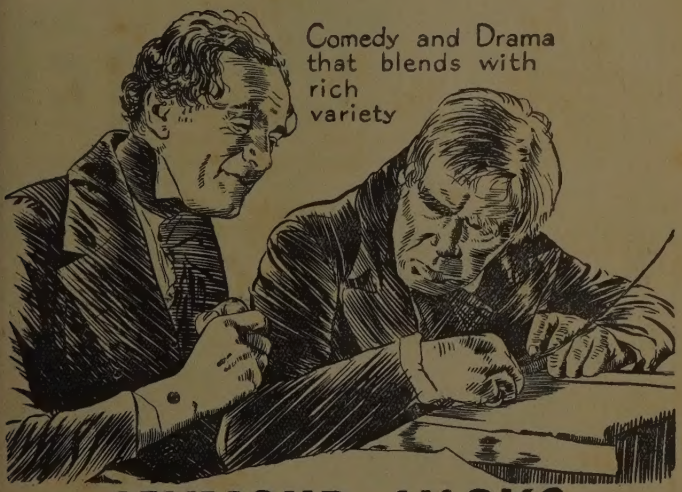

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VOL. XXXII. WINTER 1935-6 No. 237

"THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

1836

1936

The Pickwick Centenary Celebrations. Sir Stephen Killik, Lord Mayor of London and President of The Dickens Fellowship, in the midst of the many important official duties attaching to his high office, lost no time in discussing with the Pickwick Centenary Sub-Committee, appointed by the Fellowship (Mr. A. W. Edwards, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. Walter Dexter, and Miss Frances Jolly), the various suggestions they had in view for the proper celebration of this important event and his personal invitation was addressed to the following to constitute

THE PICKWICK CENTENARY CELEBRATION COMMITTEE

Sir Walter Alcock, M.V.O., Mus. Doc.
His Excellency the American Ambassador (Robert Worth Bingham, Esq.).
Hon. Maurice Baring, C.B.E.
Sir James M. Barrie, O.M., LL.D.
Sir Gomer Berry, J.P.
Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, C.H., M.C. (The High Commissioner of Australia).
Sir Buckston Browne, F.R.C.S., F.S.A.
His Grace The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
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E. Guy Dawber, Esq., R.A., F.S.A.
Lady Dickens.
His Excellency The French Ambassador (Monsieur Charles Corbin).
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, K.C., LL.D. (The High Commissioner of Canada).
Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.
Sir Philip Ben Greet.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart, P.C.
Sir Seymour Hicks.
E. V. Knox, Esq.
Sir Walter Lawrence, G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.
The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of London.
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Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, P.C., LL.D., F.R.S.
Sir Eric Maclagan, C.B.E.
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The Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan.
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Sir Herbert Morgan, K.B.E.
Alfred Noyes, Esq., C.B.E., LL.D., Litt.D.

Hon. Sir James Parr, K.C.M.G. (The High Commissioner of New Zealand).
J. B. Priestley, Esq.
The Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister (Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, F.R.S., LL.D., M.P.).
The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Rochester.
His Worship The Mayor of Rochester.
Sir Owen Seaman.
His Excellency The Spanish Ambassador (Señor Don Ramón Perez de Ayala).
Sir John C. Squire.
Sir Andrew T. Taylor, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.
Dame Sybil Thorndike, D.B.E., LL.D.
Horace Annesley Vachell, Esq.
Sir Percy Vincent.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Wakefield.
Hugh Walpole, Esq., C.B.E.
Bransby Williams, Esq.

The original sub-committee, named above, constitutes, with Sir Stephen Killik as Chairman, the executive committee.

* * * * *

The 1936 Conference in London. The Conference in 1936 has been fixed about two months earlier than usual, so as to coincide with the Pickwick Centenary Celebrations, and it is most earnestly hoped that every home branch will send at least one delegate to represent them on such an important occasion. For the purpose of voting branches are allowed one delegate to every fifty members; but in addition, any member of the Fellowship is eligible and is invited to attend the meetings of the Conference. Delegates from Overseas should get in touch with the Hon. Secretary at the Dickens House for information regarding hotels, meetings, etc., as, with the exception of the London members (who will receive full details by post) such particulars are circulated only to branch secretaries; but any interested member can receive this information early in January on making application to the Hon. Secretary as above.

* * * * *

The Lord Mayor of London, President of the Dickens Fellowship, held a special reception of London members at the Mansion House on November 1st.

* * * * *

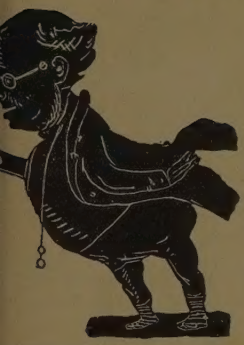
The Pickwickian Sense. "The Times" for October 25th reports a case from Vienna. A sergeant-major had occasion to use strong language in reprimanding some of his men; they appealed to the Court, whose decision in exonerating the officer was that "he had used the words only in a Pickwickian or parade-ground sense in a moment of justifiable indignation." Thus does *Pickwick* help to make the language in lands other than its origin.

* * * * *

Mr. T. W. Tyrrell. We regret to record the death of Mr. T. W. Tyrrell at the age of 82. He was one of the original committee responsible for the launching of this magazine thirty-two years ago, and although his retirement from business some twenty years ago took him away from London, he never ceased his interest in the magazine, or things Dickensian. He was an authority on the life of Dickens, and his knowledge and unique collection of pictures were always freely at our disposal.

WALTER DEXTER.

PICKWICK BREVITIES



m "Punch," 15 January, 1848

The Pickwick Papers first appeared on 31st March, 1836.

* * * * *

Dickens was twenty-four years of age at the time.

* * * * *

It was published in nineteen monthly numbers, price one shilling.

* * * * *

Dickens agreed to the payment of fourteen guineas each number, an "emolument too tempting to resist," so he wrote his future wife.

* * * * *

Dickens drew £29 in advance on the 29th March and was married four days later.

* * * * *

It is estimated that the profit accruing to the publishers in the st three years was £14,000.

* * * * *

Only four hundred copies were sold of the first number ; after about x months the sales increased enormously, and Dickens's payment as increased to £25 per number.

* * * * *

At the end of the first year the publishers entertained Dickens to inner and presented him with £500.

* * * * *

On the completion of the publication, another Dinner was held in lebration, and Dickens received a further cheque for £750.

* * * * *

In all Dickens received about £3,000 for this work, as against the iginal bargain for about £280.

* * * * *

There are no less than 360 characters in *The Pickwick Papers*.*

* * * * *

There are twenty-two inns mentioned by name.

* * * * *

The first foreign translation appeared in Paris in 1838.

* * * * *

In Danish the title is "Odtog af Pikvik-Clubbens, efterladte apirer" (Translation of 1881).

* * * * *

It has since been translated into the majority of the languages of e world.

* * * * *

"Peregrinations of Pickwick," a play by William Leman Rede, was oduced at the Adelphi Theatre in October, 1836, six months after e first part of the story had appeared, and a year before its conclusion mber.

* According to Percy Fitzgerald—but we have not checked this figure.

Another play, "The Pickwick Club," by Edward Stirling, was produced the following April; followed in July by "Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians," by W. T. Moncrieff; both these also before the completion of the work.

* * * * *

There are two chapters numbered 28 in the first and other early editions. In the Library Edition of 1838 the work is divided into two books, the second chapter 28 being Book 2, Chapter 1.

* * * * *

In most modern editions the second chapter 28 (which contains the Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton) is numbered 29, the last chapter being 57 instead of 56. Unfortunately this often leads to confusion in giving chapter references.

* * * * *

"The Penny Pickwick" was the name given to one of the many piracies of the book and when the original publishers issued the first Cheap Edition in 1847 it was sold in weekly parts at three half-pence each.

* * * * *

A complete edition of *The Pickwick Papers* at One Penny was issued in 1886 by the proprietors of "Yorkshire Relish."

IMITATIONS OF PICKWICK

(Compiled by W. MILLER)

1837.

THE PENNY PICKWICK. The Post Humourous Notes of the Pickwickian Club. Edited by Boz. 132 engravings. In 112 1d. numbers. London: E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

LLOYD'S PICKWICKIAN SONGSTER, 8 pp. London: E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Holborn.

SAM WELLER'S FAVOURITE SONG BOOK, illustrated, 8 pp. London: Smeeton, 74 Tooley Street.

SAM WELLER'S PICKWICK JEST BOOK in 1d. numbers, 16 pp. First, 1st November, 1837. Illustrated. London: Berger, Holywell Street; Pigot & Co., 59 Fleet Street; W. W. Clark, Warwick Lane.

THE PICKWICK GAZETTE. A weekly register of Pickwickian proceedings. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE CODGER'S CLUB, illustrated, 94 pp. London: E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

1838.

PICKWICK IN AMERICA. Edited by Boz, with 46 illustrations. In 44 numbers, 350 pp. London: E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

RACY SKETCHES OF EXPEDITIONS FROM THE PICKWICK CLUB.

COCKNEY ADVENTURES AND TALES OF LONDON LIFE. By Renton Nicholson. Issued in 21 numbers, 42 illustrations.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY CLUB, formerly of Camden Town. Established by Sir Peter Patron; with 11 illustrations designed by Squib and engraved by Point, 90 pp. London: W. M. Clark, 17 Warwick Lane.

PICKWICK IN BOULOGNE. An 8 pp. weekly newspaper of Pickwickian interest.

MR. PICKWICK'S COLLECTION OF SONGS. London: Smeeton, 74 Tooley Street.

SAM WELLER. A journal of wit and humour. Edited by Sam Slick.

THE SAM WELLER SCRAP SHEET. With 40 woodcuts of all the Pickwick characters. London: John Cleave, Shoe Lane.

LLOYD'S EVERLASTING ENTERTAINMENTS, or Pickwickian Shadows. London: E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Holborn.

PICKWICK COMIC ALMANAC. With 12 illustrations by R. Cruikshank. Containing Sam Weller's Diary of Fun and Pastime. 48 pp. London: W. Marshall, 24 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

THE BEAUTIES OF BOZ. Arranged by Sam Weller.

BEAUTIES OF PICKWICK. Collected and arranged by Sam Weller. 2d.

SAM WELLER'S BUDGET OF RECITATIONS. Illustrated. London: J. Clements, 21 and 22 Little Pulteney Street, Golden Square.

1839.

PICKWICK'S MIRTHFUL ALMANAC for 1839.

PICKWICK SONGSTER. With a woodcut heading. London: Pitts, 5 Great St Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

PICKWICK ABROAD, or The Tour in France, by G. W. M. Reynolds. Illustrated by Crowquill & Phillip. London: Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside. 8vo, 528 pp.

1840.

PICKWICK IN INDIA. Issued in nine parts.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARMADUKE MIDGE, the Pickwickian Legatee. Illustrated.

THE PICKWICK TREASURY OF WIT. Dublin:

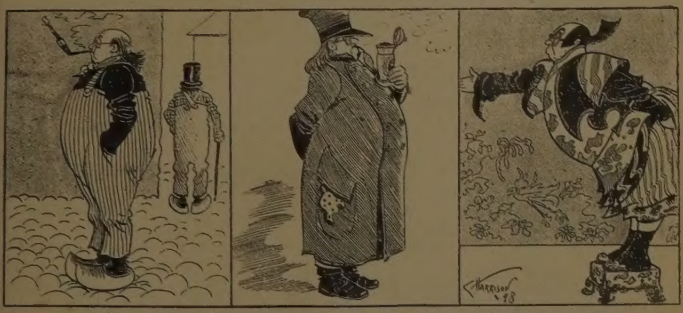
THE QUEER FISH CHRONICLES.

* * * * *

PICKWICK TREASURY OF WIT, or Joe Miller's Jest Book. London: J. S. Platt. 1845.

MR. PICKWICK'S SECOND TIME ON EARTH, by Charles G. Harper. London Cecil Palmer. 1927.

THE DRY PICKWICK, by Stephen Leacock. London: John Lane. 1932.



SELECTION FROM THE PICKWICK COSMOPOLITAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

["MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has told us that *Pickwick* has been made a Dutchman, a German, a Norwegian, a Dane, and also a Jap, and has been claimed by the people of those countries as one of themselves."—*Sun.*]

A contribution to "Punch" by Charles Harrison, 19 February, 1898

WRITING "THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

I HAVE had a visit from the Publisher this morning, and . . . I must exercise a little self denial, and set to work. They (Chapman and Hall) have made me an offer of £14 *a month* to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself; to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood cuts. I am to make my estimate and calculation, and to give them a decisive answer on Friday morning. The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist.

(To Catherine Hogarth 24 February 1836)

* * * * *

Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory. The first chapter will be ready to-morrow. . . . Believe me, in Pickwickian haste, faithfully yours,

(To Chapman and Hall 25 February, 1836)

* * * * *

I have at this moment got Pickwick, and his friends, on the Rochester coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described, who I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I want to get them from the Ball, to their Inn, before I go to bed—and I think that will take me until one or two o'clock, *at the earliest*. The Publishers will be here in the morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick at my desk.

(To Catherine Hogarth 6 March 1836)

* * * * *

Pickwick is not yet completed. The sheets are a weary length—I had no idea there was so much in them. It will certainly be finished by Sunday Morning, but I hope to do it to-night, if I get a short turn.

(To Catherine Hogarth 18 March 1836)

* * * * *

PICKWICK TRIUMPHANT.

(To Macrone, about June 1836)

* * * * *

I enclose you . . . a Pickwick. Let me beg your particular regard for the specimen of London Life, "Sam Weller."

(To Macrone July 1836)

* * * * *

When you have quite done counting the sovereigns realised for Pickwick, I should be much obliged to you, to send me up a few.

(To Chapman and Hall August 1836)

* * * * *

I have just given three cheers over the end of the number. I now forward it. If you can spare a boy, be good enough to send him in about an hour's time for the proof of another number which I have not yet had time to correct.

(To Hicks, foreman printer of Bradbury and Evans.)

* * * * *

"I am getting on, thank Heaven, 'like a house o' fire' and think the next Pickwick will bang all the others . . . if you know anybody at St. Pauls, I wish you'd send round and ask them not to ring the bell so. I can hardly hear my own ideas as they come into my head and say what they mean."

(To Forster April 1837)

THE BIRTH OF "PICKWICK"

By ARTHUR WAUGH
(Chairman, Chapman and Hall, Ltd.)

IT would form an attractive quest for Mr. Michael Sadleir, or some equally skilful trail-blazer in the jungle of bibliography, to discover how many of the world's most successful and popular books have owed their origin not so much to any instinctive impulse of their authors as to some outside suggestion and inspiration. And, if such a quest were pursued, the publisher would be found to have played no little part in the game: for, ever since the beginnings of book-making, if books do not come to the publishers of their own accord, they must be invented by his own ingenuity. And, if ever there was a case in point, it was the inimitable *Pickwick*, which in its turn established the fortunes of the "Inimitable Boz." An artist, to be sure, had the first word: but a publisher translated his fancy into terms of practical politics. If the firm of Chapman and Hall laid their own foundation-stone when they commissioned Charles Dickens to write *The Pickwick Papers*, they must not be denied the credit of grasping a chance, holding on to it when a failure seemed imminent, and giving a young man of genius his first opportunity of working his own vein along its native channel. A hundred years have passed; the whirligig of fashion has brought in strange reverses; but *Pickwick* still holds its own in the hearts of the British public, and bears witness to the truth that the publisher is something more than a middleman: that he has sometimes the qualities of a creator, building better than he knew.

I.

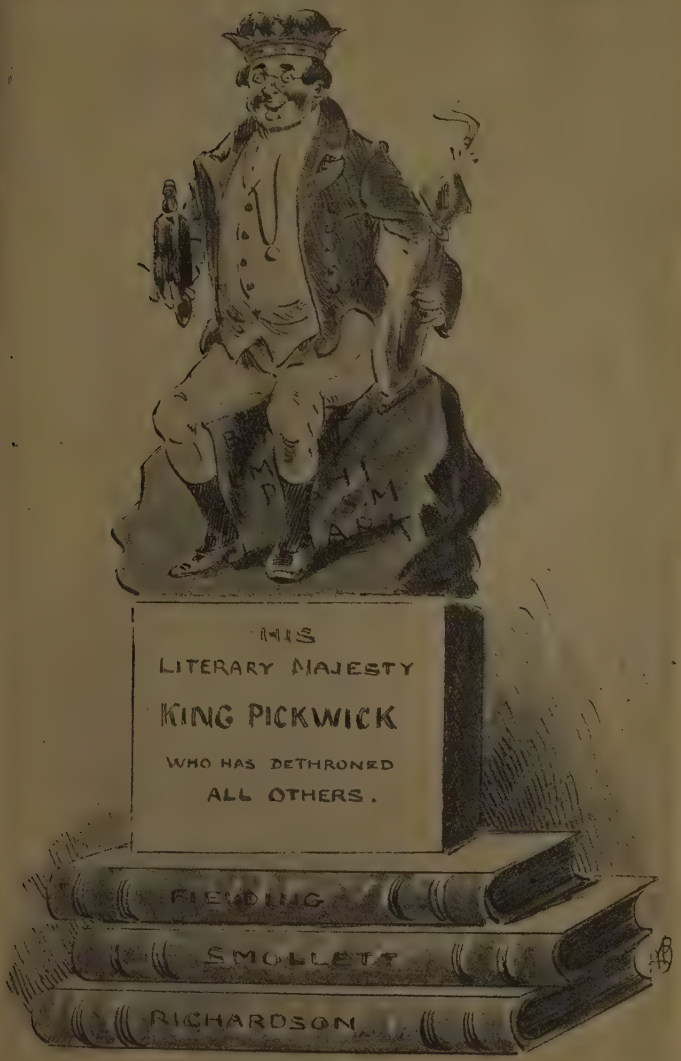
It was in November, 1835, that Edward Chapman had an interview with Robert Seymour, the artist, and from that interview *Pickwick* sprang to life. The firm of Chapman and Hall had then been in business rather less than six years, in a modest bay-windowed tenement at 186 Strand. A hundred years ago the trade of bookseller and publisher were still closely connected, and at first the new partners kept largely on the beaten way of bookselling. But they had ambitions, and they gave them gentle rein. Their early enterprises, says Forster, "were ingenious rather than important," but they were certainly not uninteresting. They began with a compendium of "Chat of the Week," extended to a popular history of science, and embraced a sporting volume of reminiscences of a fly-fisher. In the autumn of 1835 they at last made a genuinely popular success with a Christmas number called "The Squib Annual," for which the plates were executed by Robert Seymour, a young artist of 37, with a gift for broadly humorous caricature, which was thoroughly to the taste of the day. Seymour was a man of considerable artistic versatility. He made woodcuts, etched on steel and copper, and practised lithography with distinction.

Sport was his speciality; and, when he proposed to Chapman a series of sporting plates to be issued in monthly numbers, illustrating the misadventures of a company of Cockney sportsmen in all varieties of open-air recreation, Chapman liked the idea, but insisted that there must be a certain amount of letterpress to mould the pictures into a book. He suggested a two-volume work, to be issued at a guinea; but Seymour was firm for monthly numbers. Discussions followed, and Seymour was in a hurry. He wanted to see his year's plans clear ahead of him. He was pressed in other directions, and apparently nervous and overwrought. The publishers set their brains busy to satisfy him.

It so happened that they were just starting a new library of fiction, under the editorship of Charles Whitehead, a clever but rather unlucky man, who had been thrown out of employment by a change in the proprietorship of "The Monthly Magazine." Chapman and Hall had recently added him to their staff, and no doubt considering, after the fashion of publishers, that he might as well earn his salary twice over by enlarging his activities, they suggested that he should add to his labours by providing the text for Seymour's plates. Whitehead, however, protested that he had as much work on hand as he could manage, and proceeded to reel off a number of names suitable for the purpose. It is said (and may be true) that he put forward in swift succession the names of such a strangely-assorted medley as Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Hood, and John Poole. At any rate, it is certain that he did at last light upon inspiration in thinking of "Boz," whom he remembered in connection with "The Monthly Magazine" and whose co-operation he was already soliciting for "The Library of Fiction." The idea of "Boz" pleased everybody; and William Hall, who was always the partner employed when it was a question of a business bargain, undertook to pay a visit to Charles Dickens at Furnival's Inn, and to see what could be done to relieve Seymour's importunity for a decision.

II.

The story of that meeting has often been told; here it must needs be told once more. The door of the chambers at Furnival's Inn was opened to Mr. Hall by Charles Dickens himself. Hall saw before him a young man of twenty-three, with rich, brown, luxuriant hair, high forhead, and "eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humour and cheerfulness," and with an eager, restless, energetic air about him "that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books, and so much of a man of action and business in the world." Hall must have seen at once that he had to deal with a keen, purposeful personality, a very live spirit, which, for all he could remember, he was now encountering for the first time. But as Dickens in turn took stock of the bright, "bird-like" little figure in the doorway, he knew at once that this was no first meeting. In a flash of that retentive memory of his he recalled a winter evening in the Strand two years before, when he had bought at a bookstall the December number of



From an unpublished drawing by "Phiz," and reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. W. T. Spencer

"The Monthly Magazine" and had there found himself in print for the first time as author of a little story called *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*. Moments like that burn themselves into the brain. The figure of Hall was one he would never forget. "Why," he exclaimed, "it was from *you* that I bought the very first story of mine that ever appeared in print. Do you remember?" Hall remembered nothing about it; but they agreed in hailing the incident "as a good omen, and so fell to business."

Hall, in his usual brisk, commercial way, had the proposition all cut and dried. Seymour's idea, modified by discussion with Chapman and Hall, suggested the proceedings of a Nimrod Club, the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and get themselves into difficulties through want of dexterity. Dickens objected that, though he had been born and bred in the country, he was not much of a sportsman; that the idea was not novel; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise out of the text than that the author should be expected to write to order; and he added that, in point of fact, he should want to take his own way with a freer range of scenes and people. The publisher saw at once that he had to do with a young man of considerable will-power, and assured him that there would be no difficulty in meeting his views. So far, so good. The interview was running on the most friendly lines.

III.

Then they got down to figures. Hall, having now accepted Seymour's view of the method of publication, suggested that the book should be issued in monthly parts, and Dickens concurred. This form of publication was popular at this period, and it served the interests of both publishers and public. The man of modest means found it more convenient to pay a shilling a month for an instalment of a story than to put down forty times that amount for a complete work, which it would in any case take him a long time to get through. Meanwhile, the publisher had the chance of making his money twice over; for many readers, who would not be bothered to read a serial, or who might have lost the monthly instalments in the interval, were ready to pay the lump sum for the entire work when it reappeared between covers. So the issue in monthly numbers was easily agreed upon.

Then, as to terms. Hall proposed that each monthly number should consist of a sheet and a half of 24 pages, each page containing about 500 words, the payment to be at the rate of nine guineas a sheet, or fourteen guineas a number. There were to be four plates by Seymour in each number, and publication would commence as soon as Dickens had enough material in hand. This was a Wednesday, and Dickens was to give a decisive answer by Friday. That night, after his work as reporter was finished, he wrote a letter to Miss Catherine Hogarth, to whom he had recently become engaged to be married; and it was a letter which left little doubt of his final decision. "The work," he wrote, "will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist."

Two days later he closed with Chapman and Hall's proposal. *Pickwick*, the immortal, was in full process of gestation; but its birth was to be attended by further complications of no easy order.

IV.

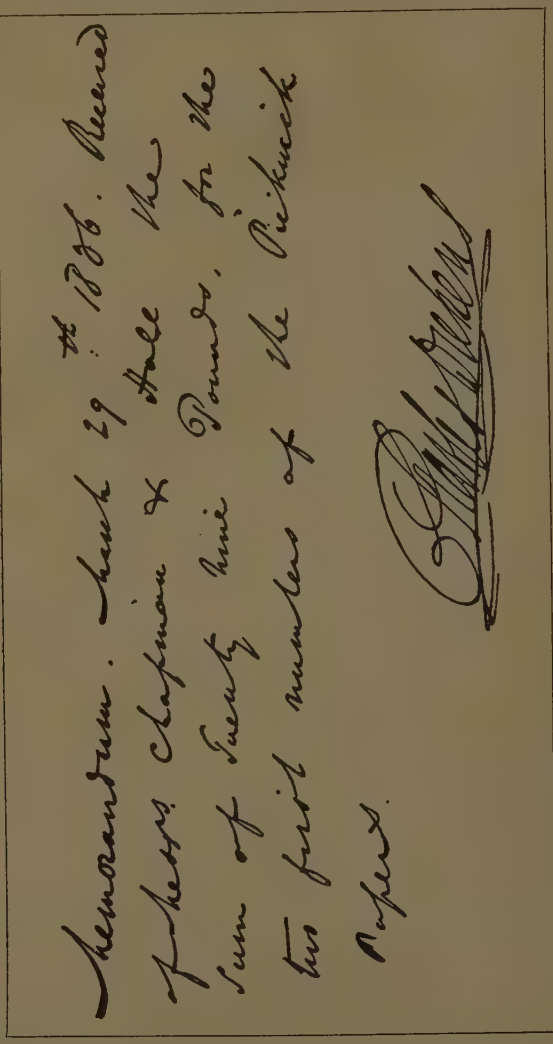
There were three parties concerned in the affair and their interests did not always pull together.

First, there was Seymour, the artist, more than half-convinced that the idea was entirely his own, and that his should be the final word in its development. Second, there were the publishers, who were adventuring what for them was a considerable sum of money, and were naturally anxious to make sure, if they could, of a popular success. And third, there was the young author, the irrepressible "Boz," who was already showing a firm determination to take his own way, whatever the others might wish, and who did not hesitate for a moment to dictate to the artist, or to argue with the men of business. So there were constant colloquies at Furnival's Inn; and Hall was kept busy flitting between Chapman and their author, and thence to the artist, for, strangely enough, Dickens and Seymour did not actually meet until the first number of *Pickwick* was on the bookstalls.

Dickens began by hitting upon the name of Pickwick, which he recalled from the mews of a coach proprietor in Bath, from whom, no doubt, he had hired conveyances during his break-neck excursions as a reporter into the West of England, when Lord John Russell was conducting a political campaign there. The first instalment was soon in MS., the Club was introduced to meet Seymour's original scheme, and Mr. Winkle was a concession to the same invention. Then Seymour sent in a sketch of his idea of Pickwick, a tall, thin man, and Edward Chapman in turn had something to say about that. Pickwick, he protested, must be a fat man; good humour and flesh had always gone together since the days of Falstaff; Chapman, in fact, knew the very man for a model. So Dickens was carried off to Richmond, and was shown a genial, fat beau, named John Foster, who still, despite the protests of his lady friends, insisted upon wearing the quaint drab tights and black gaiters which arise to the mind's eye whenever the name of Pickwick is mentioned. So here again, the resourceful publisher had a hand in the game.

So busy was everybody with preparations that several weeks elapsed before somebody remembered that there was no formal agreement between author and publisher. In the meanwhile Macrone had published the first series of *Sketches by Boz* which was selling excellently. Perhaps this was the reason that Dickens suggested to Chapman that the firm might at least send him a letter embodying the terms between them; even more probably it was the cause of an addition to the publishers' obligations, under which it was stipulated that, in the event of the publication proving very successful, the firm should increase the amount payable to a proportionate degree. This was a loose phrase indeed, but for the moment Dickens was well content. The first number of *Pickwick*

was with the printer; the manuscript of the second was nearly complete; there was a flamboyant advertisement in the press heralding



Facsimile of receipt for the first payment for writing *Pickwick*

a promised success; and, the publishers had sent the author a draft for £29, being the payment for the first two numbers in advance. On

March 31st *Pickwick* was "on sale at all booksellers," and two days later its author was married to Miss Catherine Hogarth, and the young couple were off to spend the first of their *Pickwick* cheques upon a quiet honeymoon, in a wayside cottage at Chalk, on the road between Gravesend and Rochester.

V.

Unhappily the troubles attending the birth of *Pickwick* were not yet at an end. To begin with, the sales of the first number proved terribly disappointing. There is some conflict of evidence here, and no definite record to settle the point. According to one account, only 400 copies of the first part had been bound, and there was no need to order more. According to another, the publishers had sent out 1500 copies on sale, and continued to do so for all the first five instalments, but the average sale had not exceeded 50 copies a number. Whatever the exact figures, both author and artist were at loggerheads. Dickens had objected to Seymour's picture of "The Dying Clown"; Seymour was restive under criticism; and, as soon as "Boz" returned from his brief honeymoon, the publishers suggested that he had better meet his illustrator in person and discuss future plans, face to face. Dickens was only too pleased; and on Sunday, April 18th, Seymour came to Furnival's Inn, and the collaborators met, in the presence of the author's bride, and of his young brother, Frederick. The interview appeared to pass pleasantly enough, and the pair parted with friendly assurance. All next day Seymour seems to have been engaged in redrawing the illustration; but on the Tuesday the publishers were shocked by a devastating piece of news. That afternoon Seymour had committed suicide in a summer house in his garden in Liverpool Road, Islington. He was in no difficulties, and apparently happy. He had indeed been worrying over an attack upon him by Gilbert à Beckett in "The Figaro," but there was nothing in the matter to account for such a tragedy. F. G. Kitton, in his "Origin of *The Pickwick Papers*," comes to the conclusion that Seymour was labouring under "excessive strain caused by overwork"; and that may very well be the true explanation. Years afterwards, Seymour's widow, herself apparently labouring under a painful obsession, brought a railing accusation against Dickens, declaring that he robbed her husband of the credit due to him for the creation of *Pickwick*, and was (apparently) the indirect cause of his death. Most clearly the claim was preposterous. Dickens's reputation as an honest and chivalrous man is absolutely untainted by suspicion in this most lamentable affair.

VI.

Meanwhile author and publisher were faced by a distracting problem. What were they to do? Here was the second number of *Pickwick* almost due; only three of the four pictures completed; and the artist lying dead by his own hand. There was not a moment to be lost. Everyone had something to suggest; but the only profitable

idea came from the brain of one John Jackson, an engraver who worked for the firm. He bethought himself of R. W. Buss, and Buss was sent for. Part II went to press with one illustration short. Buss was delighted with the opportunity. The third number, for which he was called upon to provide pictures, included the cricket match at Dingley Dell, and the philandering of Mr. Tupman. Engraving blocks was all new work to Buss, but he set to work, and produced two very poor etchings, which had to be used (since there was nothing else to do), and a third, representing the Review at Chatham, which not even Edward Chapman's good nature could pass. So the office met in conclave again. John Jackson, as it proved, was still rich in suggestion. He mentioned the name of Hablôt Knight Browne. To be sure, Mr. Browne was a very young man—not yet of age, if what they said was true; but he *could* draw. Browne was summoned to the Strand, and given the work; and so, by a wave of the magician's wand, "Boz" had found in "Phiz" his ideal interpreter, who was to work with him for over twenty years in perfect and unclouded co-operation. Who was this John Jackson? What fortune awaited him in the years to be? "There lives no record of reply." But all good Dickensians should write his name in their muster-roll of honour, as one who, working by faith no less than by sight, helped, in no uncertain fashion, to make great history in high places.

For the birth of *Pickwick* was now complete. "Boz" was launched upon shining waters; "Phiz" stood by him at the helm; Sam Weller made his appearance in the fifth instalment; and "Phiz's" portrait of him, brushing boots in the yard of the White Hart, leapt at once to the eye of England. The sale of *Pickwick* mounted to 40,000 copies an issue. Charles Dickens, at the age of twenty-four, had taken rank among the immortals.

SHORT PLAYS FROM DICKENS

A NEW volume of nine short plays has just been published in New York by Samuel French Inc., at the price of $1. There is always a demand for such short plays, and we hope the London house will also be issuing the book. The adaptations have been made by Daisy Vance, and although they follow somewhat conventional lines, they are well done and we can heartily recommend them; but is it quite correct to describe Mr. Bucket as "of Scotland Yard?"

Mrs. Hall, of the Christchurch Branch, was a welcome visitor to the Melbourne Branch in July last. Her contribution of recitations to their programme was much appreciated. The lectures during the season have included "Dickens and Thackeray," by Miss E. A. Fraser; "Dickens, his Foot in the Stirrup, his Sword Unsheathed," by Miss Godwin Smith; and "A Defence of the Novel," by Mr. C. R. Long, M.A.

WHAT THE SOLDIER SAID

SCANDAL ARTICULATE AT LAST

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT'S "LIFE" OF DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

IF there be any satisfaction in blackening the characters of dead people, without being able to produce any evidence at all, then Mr. Thomas Wright is entitled to its full enjoyment. It is quite true that he quotes an "authority" for the shocking story that he tells, but—well, let us see.

I have been writing about Dickens for more than thirty years. Never, even in the most trifling paragraph, have I mentioned the name of Ellen Ternan.* I have always known, of course, that she was the lady referred to in those passionate statements made to the public by Dickens after his separation from his wife. All the world has known for sixty years that he left her in his will £1,000. I have known of the mean and miserable whisperings which have been inspired by that clause in the will, but I have held—and I still hold—that the very solemn statements of Dickens in 1858 should have protected Ellen Ternan for all time from all uncharitableness. This is what he wrote:

> Two wicked persons who should have spoken very differently of me in consideration of earned respect and gratitude have . . . coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment. . . . Upon my soul and honour, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

And he wrote this too:

> I most solemnly declare, then, and this I do, both in my own name and that of my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumours touching the troubles at which I have glanced are abominably false. And that whosoever repeats one of them, after this denial, will lie as wilfully and foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before heaven and earth.

If such solemn protestations by the Charles Dickens that the world has for so long known so well are not to be accepted absolutely, then where shall Truth be sought? Mr. Wright accepts them. Oh yes, he accepts them, but whether gladly or not he does not say. Forthwith, however, he makes the categorical allegation which is the only "Excuse" for his book—for this life's work (he has been engaged on it for more than forty years!). Here is that allegation:

> No great while after the separation from his wife and notwithstanding those written protests made to the public, Dickens prevailed upon Miss Ternan to become his mistress; but she gave herself reluctantly. He took for her a house, No. 2 Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, near the homes of his boyhood, Johnson Street, and the Polygon, for that neighbourhood oddly enough had through life a fascination for him which he could never resist.

*Save in a letter in "John o' London's Weekly" of October 26th last dealing with this book.

> The house was, as the London Directory shows, in Mrs. Ternan's name from 1861 to 1865. From 1866 to 1868 it was vacant. Here he visited her two or three times a week.* Henceforward Dickens had, to quote Lady Tippins's communications to her fan, "two establishments." . . . Francesco Berger, who had written the music for "The Frozen Deep," was sometimes at No. 2 Houghton Place. He played games of cards there with Mrs. Ternan, Ellen and Dickens on Sunday evenings. After the card-playing Ellen and Dickens generally sang duets to Berger's accompaniments.

The asterisk indicates a footnote which says "Facts supplied by Canon Benham."

There it is "in all the glory of print." I am induced at last to write about Ellen Ternan. I do so now, with the full authority—nay, at the request—of those who are entitled to consideration. Mr. Wright, of course, writes much more, and at some of it we will glance, but we will concentrate for the present on the actual indictment. It is a comprehensive one. Let it be set out.

1. Charles Dickens "no great while" after protesting to the world the purity of Ellen Ternan, seduced this girl whom he had declared to be as good and pure as his own dear daughters.

2. Ellen Ternan "gave herself reluctantly"—that is, without passion, and so without excuse.

3. Ellen Ternan's mother, one of the most respected actresses of her time, actively connived at her daughter's shame, for Dickens took the house in her name, and presumbly she lived there. At any rate she spent time there playing cards with her daughter and her daughter's seducer.

4. That Dickens was shameless is shown by the fact that young Francesco Berger, who was not his friend at all, but his eldest son's, was often invited to the house.

5. Canon Benham was utterly faithless to his cloth, for he actually betrayed to Mr. Wright the intimate confidence of Ellen, who was a close friend, while she was still living.

I wonder if Mr. Wright has reflected on all this? Has he ever seen the full implications of his shocking story? If not, he has no excuse, for he tells us that he has had his book on the stocks for forty years. I wish to ask him some questions.

1. He tells us something about Ellen's two sisters, Maria and Fanny. He tells us who they married, for instance. Why does he tell us nothing about Ellen? Has he not troubled to find out anything about her? If not, why not?

2. Does he know that Ellen Ternan married in 1876—married a Clerk in Holy Orders, a priest in the same Church as Canon Benham? If not, why not?

3. Does he know that Ellen had two children, a boy and a girl, who are living now? If not, why not?

4. Does he know that at the time Canon Benham (as he says) told him this story, Ellen Ternan was still living? If not, why not?

5. He quotes Percy Fitzgerald, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, John Hollingshead, and Francesco Berger, all of whom knew Dickens well, as people

who helped him in the preparation of his book. Did any one of them confirm this shocking story? He says Berger sometimes visited Houghton Place. Did *he* confirm this story?

6. Did Canon Benham ever authorise the publication of this story in his name?

7. Mr. Wright must have been on very intimate terms with Canon Benham to have received this story from him. Did the Canon ever tell him at what date his acquaintance with Ellen Ternan began? This is rather important.

Why should we mince matters? The story is utterly incredible. There is not one shred of probability about it. I do not suggest that Canon Benham never told Mr. Wright anything. He may very well have told him about the scandals of 1858, but that Mr. Wright has got whatever he was told all jumbled up, and that he has jumped to conclusions, under the impression that he was on a good thing, there can be no doubt. Whether or not Dickens remained continent after the separation from his wife, I do not care. As the world wags it does not matter even one hoot, and it is nobody's business. But when we are told with the utmost deliberation that he was the seducer of a girl of twenty, the friend of his own dear daughters, then surely in such a place as this such a charge must be faced. For if it be true, the world must revise its estimate of the character of "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens." On this point Mr. Wright is gloriously naïve, for he quotes (partially) the tribute of Tom Trollope to Dickens. I will quote it in full:

> He was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew. I think he made a nearer approach to obeying the divine precept, love thy neighbour as thyself, than one man in a hundred thousand. Dickens hated a mean action or a mean sentiment as one hates something that is physically loathsome to the sight and touch.

And Tom Trollope was the husband of Fanny Ternan, whose young sister Dickens seduced!

Mr. Wright says that Dickens met Ellen at the back of the stage at a theatre. She was crying bitterly because she had to wear a scanty costume, and he comforted her. Think of the probability of that story. Ellen was the daughter of one of the leading actresses of last century. Her father was an actor of some distinction. She was born, bred, and had her being in the atmosphere of the theatre and its stage. Surely there had been rehearsals, at which she would have learned what costume she was expected to wear? And how came Dickens to be at the back of the stage? Well, in those days he was "an habitual frequenter of the green rooms in the theatres, was fascinated by the little actresses or 'periwinkles,' as he called them." How he found time for this philandering goodness only knows! But if he was a frequenter of stage doors, how comes it that no one even knew it before? Of course, Mr. Wright does not offer any authority for his assertion. The only authority he ever offers, indeed, is "what the soldier said," and in his case the metaphor is apt, for the authority is a soldier of the Church—a leader in the Church's

army—Canon Benham, who betrayed to Mr. Wright, and to Mr. Wright only—why the distinction we shall never know—the most intimate possible confidence of a woman friend !

Now, we are not informed when this first meeting took place, but it is implied that it was in 1856 at latest, because we are told that well before the performance of " The Frozen Deep," in which Ellen took part, in May 1857, Mrs. Dickens was jealous of her. Shall we believe that ? No authority is quoted. Ellen was born on March 3rd, 1839, so that in May 1857, she was just eighteen, exactly the same age as Dickens's favourite daughter, Katie ! She was often in his house, we are told, he loved to have her in his study when he was writing, and Mrs. Dickens was bitterly jealous. No authority quoted. Does it ring true ? Then comes the dear old story of the bracelet given to Ellen by Dickens and sent to Mrs. Dickens in mistake. I cannot be bothered with that, because nothing could be more natural than that he, the promoter of the performance of " The Frozen Deep," the manager, producer, chief actor, should give to a young girl in the company a little gewgaw as a souvenir of a memorable occasion. Then came the separation. Listen to this !

> Dickens made various proposals in respect to a separate maintenance, all of which were rejected. In the meanwhile Mrs. Hogarth and her daughter Helen, having heard of his connection with Miss Ternan (innocent at the time though it evidently was) spread the information abroad. Dickens in his exasperation then refused to make any settlement on his wife unless Mrs. Hogarth and Helen signed their names to a paper declaring that the separation was not owing to any immorality on his part. This for long they refused to do.

So you see he was a blackmailer as well as a seducer ! But the story (no authority quoted !) is not true. There is unchallengeable documentary evidence extant to prove that Dickens's own voluntary offer of a separation allowance was regarded by his wife as generous, by Mark Lemon, who acted for her, as unnecessarily generous.

Mr. Wright says that while Dickens was making his well-known speech on behalf of the Children's Hospital—probably the best of all his speeches—" Mrs. Dickens was weeping her eyes out because of his insistence on the necessity of a separation from her." Once again there is that exasperating absence of any authority for the statement. Is it true ? Dickens told the world—" For some years past, Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart . . . that she would be better far away." Which shall we believe—Mr. Wright's unsupported assertion, or Charles Dickens's categorical, signed statement ? I pass the affair of the separation with just this comment : if Charles Dickens's statements were false, not only was he a stupendous cad, but every one of his children was unnatural, for one and all of them idolised him all the days of their lives. Would that have been the case if they knew he had slanderously lied about their mother ? Would manly men like Forster, and John Leech, Daniel Maclise and Wm. Charles Macready, Thomas Carlyle and Clarkson Stanfield, and good women

ke Miss Coutts and Mrs. Gaskell have remained his almost adoring riends ?

But we must return to the main issue, and it need not keep us much onger. Ellen Ternan's weakness was vanity combined with a desire or a competence, says Mr. Wright. It is a dreadful thing to say nless one is very very sure of one's ground. It means that she gave erself to her seducer because she was vain of the attentions of so amous a man, and for greed of gold. We have to assume that Mr. Wright's authority is Canon Benham. Just think what that means. Canon Benham was a great friend of Ellen's. Her daughter knew him from her earliest childhood and remembers him as a, so to speak, ovable old uncle. The friendship remained unbroken right up till Canon Benham's death in 1910—four years before Ellen died—although as Ellen Ternan left London in 1895 they seldom met in later years. That is to say, for practically the last twenty years of his life he was a great friend of Ellen, loved by her children while all the time he had it on his conscience that he had told this dreadful story to one Thomas Wright who might at any time tell it to others. Who would envy any man such a conscience as must have been his, more especially one of the leading lights of the Church ? Indeed, it is Canon Benham's shade that has the biggest quarrel with Mr. Wright after all !

" If Dickens's conduct spoilt Miss Ternan's life," we are told, " it certainly went very far to spoiling his own. He could not be happy (how could he !) knowing that Miss Ternan was assailing herself with reproaches and drawing daily further and further from him. They were both of them utterly miserable, and Dickens's unhappiness is reflected in his later books, which can be understood only in the light of this knowledge." And then we are told that Estella Provis (" a surname that seems to be not without meaning " !), Bella Wilfer, and Helena Landless are all in some degree drawn from Ellen Ternan ! " All were gifted, and each rose from straitened circumstances to a higher position. Estella married Bentley Drummle who has nothing to recommend him but his purse. Bella Wilfer said, ' I must have money, Pa, I must marry it ' ; and Helena Landless apparently meant to have Lieutenant Tartar of the Royal Navy, who had come into the possession of a fortune." If it were not there in cold print, would it be believable that a man assuming the rôle of a biographer of Dickens could write such tosh ? Aye, but in another place we are actually told that Lucie Manette was Ellen Ternan and Charles Darnay was Charles Dickens ! Ellen must have been a woman of oddly varied parts ! But Lucie did not marry for money, did she ? But what are Mr. Wright's grounds for implying that Ellen Ternan rose from straitened circumstances ? Positively it is not correct.

Anyway, both were miserable ; Ellen drifted further and further away, and came to loathe the intimacy, and the last paragraph in the book is this :

> Miss E. L. Ternan continued, after Dickens's death to brood over her connection with him. At last she disburdened her mind to

Canon Benham. She told him the whole story and declared that she loathed the very thought of this intimacy.

A footnote says "The Author of this work received it from Canon Benham." He is dead, Ellen is dead. Neither can contradict Mr. Wright. Nobody can contradict him, and that is the truly awful part of the whole thing. Mr. Wright has been discreet. In his newspaper article of eighteen months ago, he wrote that Ellen went to Canon Benham in his capacity as her spiritual adviser. He does not repeat that now. Nevertheless, he *has* written it in a widely circulated newspaper, and so he must stand by it. Therefore let it be said very positively that any suggestions that Ellen Ternan confessed anything to any spiritual adviser as such cannot be true. Anything in the nature of the confessional was utterly repellant to her. I am on stronger ground now than Mr. Wright. My authorities are living and they are Ellen's own daughter, and one who was Ellen's friend for very many years.

I have not much more to say. Let me summarise the case against Mr. Wright.

1. His story is false to everything that is known about Charles Dickens—and more is known about him than about any other writer.

2. His story is false to all that is known about Canon Benham. Nobody who knew him will believe that he was capable of so shameful a betrayal of a woman's intimate confidence—much less that of a woman who was a dear friend.

3. The statement that Ellen's life and happiness were ruined is lamentably absurd. In 1876 she married very happily. Her daughter tells me that Ellen never spoke of Dickens save with happy memories of her friendship with a great and good man. Her daughter tells me that she was a happy wife and mother, singing about the house continually, taking part, not exuberantly, but joyously, in her social duties. Her daughter tells me—and I have it from several other sources—that Ellen's two dearest friends were Mamie Dickens and Georgina Hogarth. Could that have been possible if Mr. Wright's story were true? All these things are confirmed by one who was a great friend of Ellen's, in whose house Ellen lived for years. I have before me a letter from one who was a boy in the school kept by Ellen's husband, who writes of his memories of a sweet and gracious lady, happy in her husband and children; whose every memory of her tells him that this story of Mr. Wright's is impossible.

4. Forster's book is probably unique in one respect. It gives the full text of Dickens's will. He himself knew as much as anybody, but it is certain that he did not reprint the will without the consent of the Dickens family. Is it likely that that consent would have been forthcoming if the document had contained anything of which Dickens's children had cause to be ashamed?

What then *did* Canon Benham tell Mr. Wright. I fancy I could record it with much greater accuracy, but not now. My space is exhausted. Indeed, I have far exceeded the limit allotted to me.

One more matter. We are told that Dickens's letters to Ellen Ternan were privately offered for sale in London about 1893. Again

it is a case of what the soldier said. This time the soldier is W. R. Hughes, who has been dead nearly forty years. They were offered to Hughes, who said to the vendor " Do you know you are doing a very dangerous thing ? Those letters cannot have been got honestly." Indeed, no ! For Ellen was then only 54 years old, and had another 21 years of life before her ! What a pity Hughes—who lived in Birmingham, and not London, by the way !—did not know this. In any case there must have been a shockingly treacherous person in intimate contact with the affairs of Ellen Ternan, and her daughter will be grateful if more information can be forthcoming. Failing it, she utterly discredits the story.

Of the book as a " Life " of Dickens it were waste of time to write more than a paragraph. The Editor of this magazine received his review copy on a Saturday. By the first post on the following Monday morning I received from him a long list of inaccurate statements of *facts* that he had spotted in the course of a mere skimming of the pages ! I was able within an hour to increase this number by a round dozen ! Look at appendix No. 7—" The Early Illustrators of Dickens." No mention of R. W. Buss, but Luke Fildes's name appears !

In the advertisement of the book it is stated that Forster's work " though useful, is shown to be a complete muddle." Mr. Wright will not displace Forster. That is quite certain, and no more on that point need be said. As a critic, how does Dickens's latest biographer stand ? Well, *Nicholas Nickleby* is " the most humorous and on the whole the most pleasing of the novels " ! Mr. Wright claims to have made some discoveries. One of them is the fact—we may accept it as such—that on one occasion Dickens showed two young girls round London and took them to the Bank of England to see the people there shovelling gold ! Mr. Wright quotes the *Dickensian* for facts actually stated in Forster's book ; he quotes " Ley's Forster " for extracts from letters that have been in print and known to the world for half a century ! We are told that the preparation of this book was commenced in 1893, and that it was in the publisher's hands in 1904. What sort of work it was thirty-one years ago would be rather diverting to speculate, for apart from one or two tiny wee " discoveries " and the big excuse, this volume is built up on " Ley's Forster " and the last five or six volumes of *The Dickensian* almost exclusively. Moreover, Mr. Wright says that in 1904 he could not tell the story which is really the only excuse for the book now, so that the " Life of Dickens by Thomas Wright of Olney " which missed publication in 1904 only through the publisher falling into difficulties must have been a strange and wonderful performance !

By the way—and this is my last word now—Mr. Wright says that Forster was " re-edited, with useful notes in 1928, by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, but the text was not altered." May I ask him what he would have ? Does he argue that Forster's text should be altered ? What would he say if somebody were to interfere with the text of his own " Cowper " ? But if somebody would alter the text of his " Dickens " very drastically that somebody would be doing him a real good turn !

BIRDS, BEASTS AND—PICKWICK CHARACTERS

MR. J. A. SHEPHERD put human life into animals long before Felix the Cat or Mickey Mouse were ever dreamed of; and four of his admirable *Pickwick* studies, from a series of Dickens pictures, are here reproduced by his kind permission, and that of the proprietors of "The Strand Magazine," in which they first appeared some years ago. To title the pictures would be entirely superfluous.

PICKWICKIAN PLENTY

By H. O. BARNETT

THE first and last words penned by Dickens as a novelist bear reference to the pleasures of the table.

The title of his first printed contribution to literature is *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*—the last word of the unfinished *Edwin Drood* is " appetite."

The coincidence is noteworthy in view of the fact that his pages are weighed down with good fare and saturated with cheering cordials to a greater degree than those of any other novelist. Countless scenes are laid in those twin places of abdominal appeal—home and hostelry. The meanest of meals, the most bounteous of banquets are to be read of in book after book.

In one instance the plot of his novel is dependent on a meal. The story of *Great Expectations* revolves round the " wittles " with which Pip provides the escaped convict, Magwitch. Many of his characters owe their immortality in large part to the particular form of diet or beverage to which they were partial.

It is impossible to imagine Oliver Twist without his gruel, or Mrs. Gamp divorced from the something to which she was so fondly " dispoged," or Chadband without visible signs of the production of train oil, or Quilp without his extraordinary liking for hard-boiled eggs, prawns and water cresses, eaten in his own highly original manner.

Coming to *The Pickwick Papers*—the book most concerned with eating and drinking—endeavour to visualise a teetotal Tony Weller, a Mr. Stiggins without his glass of hot pineapple-rum and water, a Fat Boy alienated from an environment of pork and mince-pies ! And how essential to the story are the chops and tomato sauce which Mr. Pickwick consumed in blissful ignorance of the legal capital the eloquent Buzfuz would make of an apparently ordinary repast.

Dickens lived in an age and wrote of a time which was not concerned with food values, and which knew nothing of vitamins and calories or of freakish food faddism.

In these days thousands of people endure martyrdom because of what they eat—tens of thousands because of what they imagine they dare not eat. Those who were, at one time, egg-and-bacon-breakfast people have been stampeded into cramming themselves with craftily advertised cereals, withered husks which even the very swine would turn from in disgust, and which must needs be drenched with milk or cream to make them palatable and provide their much-vaunted nutriment.

Things which substitute a slim figure for a full stomach would scarcely appeal to the majority of Dickens's characters. A Pecksniff might thrive thereon, the Dotheboys scholars might be glad of them on the principle that any meal is better than no meal at all, but they would find little favour with a Pickwick, a Wardle, or any of those plump and pleasant people whose hearts are as big as their stomachs !

The hurried, scanty meals of to-day are, perhaps, more injurious than the generous feeding of earlier days. The cereal breakfast, the mid-day snack, the restaurant tea—with music and dancing—thrown in, the hastily-swallowed dinner, the midnight supper—all at hurricane speed, have taken the place of the daily round of leisurely Pickwickian feastings.

" How on earth did these people survive such enormous meals ? " the present generation may ask in wonderment.

These gigantic repasts were followed by a form of exercise which began to go out when the motor car came in—that of walking. The twenty-five-mile walk " to get rid of the effects," as *The Pickwick Papers* tell, has given place to the joy-ride, which is filling the casualty wards of the hospitals. Nursing-homes, too, are springing up on every hand to accommodate the multitudinous martyrs to those digestive troubles from which spring the larger percentage of modern diseases.

The little daily walk would do away with the need for the little daily dose.

Let the hikers blazon forth a new slogan—" Walk to live—or ride to death ! "

Participation, observation, and imagination are the combination which provide an author with his inspiration.

It was an amazing circumstance that *Pickwick* was written not by a literary Methuselah, but by one whose experience and observation of life had been so brief.

It is at least as full a book as any penned by the maturer Dickens. Its publication placed him on that high pinnacle of fame from which he can never be dislodged. Second only in popularity to *David Copperfield* it is assured of a permanent place in literature.

Its descriptions of an extraordinary variety of meals is an instance of a knowledge of the dietetic customs of widely diversified grades of Society.

From whence did so young a man derive this knowledge ?

The many mythical meals of which Sam Weller told his horrified master were the product of Dickens's imagination. But the more orthodox ones ? Less from actual participation than from acute observation might be confidently asserted were it not for the recollection that Charles Dickens was a newspaper reporter. Travelling up and down the country he became acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, and was called upon to attend innumerable and varied social functions. It is possible, therefore, that he actually participated in many of the revellings, notwithstanding the fact that he was but four-and-twenty when he wrote the book.

There flashes across the mind thoughts of a certain Pickwickian feasting, the footmen's " swarry " at Bath. It is doubtful if duty introduced Dickens to these pompous gentlemen. But it may well be that, inadvertently opening the wrong door of an inn, the young reporter blundered into the presence of an assembly of servants, who, disdaining the crumbs which fell from their masters' table, had met

together to partake of a convivial meal, and that Dickens, full of humorous apology, was invited to join the company. Anticipating the as yet unborn Samuel Weller he indulged in the delightful banter afterwards attributed to Mr. Pickwick's servant. The ordering of the large bowl of punch and the propping up of the inebriated Mr. Tuckle against his own street door are actions typical of a high-spirited young man.

It is certain, too, that, in the pursuit of duty, Dickens more than once found himself in the company of such people as Mrs. Bardell and her friends when they met for a quiet cup of tea and a little warm supper of a couple of sets of pettitoes and some toasted cheese.

The description of the dinner which followed the cricket match between All Muggleton and Dingley Dell was possibly written from actual experience. Dickens was fond of cricket and encouraged the sport when at Gadshill.

Dickens was only too well acquainted with such scenes as those described as taking place in the debtors' prison. Had not he shared in life at the Marshalsea when his father was imprisoned for debt ?

Space will not admit of more than a scanty summary of the hundred and one other references to eating and drinking contained in *The Pickwick Papers.*

A hundred and one ! The figure is an under estimate. Including references to food and drink contained in the interpolated stories a somewhat hurried calculation accounts for five and twenty breakfasts, thirty-two dinners, ten luncheons, ten teas, and eight suppers—a total of eighty-five. But the occasions on which the characters of the book partook of their " partickler wanity " increase that total by sixty-five ! While the momentous question as to what constitutes a meal remains unsettled it is certain that no two readers would agree as to these figures.

They take no count of that un-Dickensian fluid which is so much —too much ! !—in demand at Dickensian celebrations—water. The more potent waters of Bath with their " wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons," are likewise considered unworthy of inclusion under the heading of " stimulating beverages," although they should possibly be reckoned as " stimulants."

The orange which was proferred old Mrs. Wardle is omitted—there is no evidence that she ate it.

The " farden," which, according to Sam Weller, the child swallowed, is disregarded, less because a coin of the realm cannot legitimately be considered a form of diet than because the words " out vith it ! " uttered by the father, suggest the use of an emetic.

Although surgical skill was then infinitely less certain than it is to-day it would be inhuman not to credit the profession with the attempted removal of the necklace of wooden beads which gradually found its way into the stomach of another child. If the operation was successful the necklace was not a meal—in any case the surgeons have been given the benefit of the doubt ! The half-dozen shrimps with which the insolvent George was soothing the excitement of his

feelings are excluded, being regarded as an *hors d'oeuvre*, merely whetting the appetite for the meal which presumably followed, but of which there is no record.

The sum of fortifying liquors ignores, too, the four-ounce bottle of medicine which went the rounds of half the houses of Bristol; minute scrutiny fails to discover that any citizen was rash enough to sample it—nor is there any indication that Mrs. Trundle tested the efficacy of the half-a-dozen of medicines the doctor decreed she should drink upon the road.

The cold collation of an Abernethy biscuit and a saveloy with which Solomon Pell regaled himself when business was rather slack is included as a luncheon. It is assumed that frequent periods of slackness had smothered any suspicions he might originally have entertained as to the ingredients of which the saveloys were made.

This was not the case with the little thin old gentleman who had been remarkably partial to sausages all his life and who found the buttons in the object of his partiality. Little wonder that he was " never heerd on artervards " when he learned that the buttons had not gone unaccompanied into the sausage machine—their owner had gone with them ! It is deduced from the fact that he made his complaint at night that the consumption of the sausages had been attempted after dinner and before supper. The meal—or the attempted meal, for the words " me and my family aint a-goin' to be choked for nothin' " suggest a laudable endeavour to masticate the sausages—is justifiably included as a tea—a high tea.

But under which heading are to be placed the crumpets consumed by the gentleman who did everything on principle ? It was his invariable practice to eat four every night, but it is difficult to decide whether they constituted his tea or his supper, for although the fact that he ate them three hours after his dinner suggests they should be regarded as a tea, it is also a fact that, after the orgy, he always " walked home and went to bed." The crumpets might be tea or supper—or both. But those actually under consideration are the three shillings' worth which provided the last meal of this determined individual. The fire before which they were toasted was lit in the morning, but two things combine to lead to the conclusion that the crumpets were not eaten before tea-time, the impossibility of cooking so many in time for luncheon and the inescapable fact that, had they been cooked before dawn, the man would have delayed their consumption until tea-time—" on principle."

The temptation to comment further on other instances of Sam Weller's powers of invention must be resisted.

The book is a veritable pageant of plenty. Its menus are on a most liberal scale. They vary from " very satisfactory," " substantial," and " hearty " to " excellent "—even " glorious ! "

Frugality was for the future—for the little ones of *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Bleak House*. But humour and heartiness go together. A farmer is permitted two or three pounds of cold beef and a pot or two of porter for a light lunch—Mr. Pickwick himself is

granted a couple of pints of particular port at a sitting, and Mr. Bob Sawyer was provided with a "most enormous sandwich"—vastly different from the mere mouthful of its present day substitute.

It is impossible to find fault with any of the meals provided. Whether for indoor or outdoor consumption they are perfectly suited to both occasion and participants. The luncheon of which the Pickwickians partook as Wardle's guests at the military review—that consumed at the shooting party—the bill of fare of medical students of the period, the supper referred to in the story of the Bagman's Uncle, are but examples of a knowledge which the most expert chef or experienced housewife could not hope to glean from a study of cookery books in that it was derived from the study of mankind. There are few instances of scarcity.

Certain of the inmates of the Fleet Prison had reason to bless Mr. Pickwick's determination in the matter of the damages in Bardell *v.* Pickwick, notably the penitent Mr. Jingle and his faithful follower Job Trotter. The Chancery Prisoner, too, who had often wanted for bread, was enriched by the weekly payment of twenty shillings which Mr. Pickwick paid as rent for his room, but which came too late to ward off that last grisly ward er— Death.

The some- body who wrote a son- net to Mr. Leo Hunter on her break- fasts, des- cribing them as "feasts of reason and flows of soul," might have added that there was precious little feasting of a more solid nature. But it is satisfac- tory to gather that the Pick- wickians, being among "the very particular lions," were of that moiety who shared in the break- last. Mr. Pick- wick had more reasons than one to dislike the Great White Horse at Ips- wich. His unusual en- counter with the middle- aged lady in yellow curl papers was as upsetting as the equally- unusual one of encounter- ing an in- different dinner. It is said that Dickens had some per- sonal recol- lections of the

Design for a Toby Jug

By Sir Francis Carruthers Gould

White Horse which were not pleasant ones; he undoubtedly "got his own back" when he wrote of the place in scathing terms in *Pickwick*.

Although it is stated that "the whole party went supperless to bed" when staying at the Old Royal Hotel, Birmingham, no reflection is thereby cast on the ability of the hotel to provide a fitting meal for Mr. Pickwick and his high-spirited young friends—Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen. The interview with Mr. Winkle, Senior, had deprived them of what little appetite remained after the morning sandwiches, the luncheon at The Bell at Berkeley Heath, to which they did "very great justice," and the dinner at the Hop Pole at Tewkesbury, all of which repasts were accompanied—and followed—by liberal libations of punch.

But the scenes chiefly associated with jollity and hospitality are those at the Manor Farm, Dingley Dell. Dingley Dell! What inspiration is in that name! When Dickensians talk of "a real old-fashioned Christmas" they surely have in mind that Christmas-time when Bella and Trundle were wedded. There is no detailed account of the fare provided, but it may be taken for granted that the well-stocked countryside yielded its abundance for the joint festivities of Christmas and the wedding. And Mr. Pickwick did not arrive empty handed. He brought with him a huge codfish, which was so stiff that it resisted the guard's efforts to squeeze it into the boot of the coach, and half-a-dozen barrels of real native oysters. The oysters were presumably to serve the dual purpose of an *hors d'œuvre* and sauce—for cod without oyster sauce is fit only for fasting—not feasting. Which provokes comment as to quality and price in Pickwickian times. In an age of adulteration and substitution—when the traders' slogan is too often "just as good as"—does not a perusal of these pages cause a smacking of the lips? The codfish was of a superlative quality hard to come by to-day. When Mr. Pickwick lived fish was not caught in Icelandic waters and served at table a month later. Many commodities, too, were cheaper, and that though imports were smaller and the cost of carriage higher in that transport was limited. Oysters for instance! A barrel of oysters would contain at least fifty bivalves—twice that number in all likelihood. A minimum of three hundred oysters—and natives at that! Nowadays such oysters would cost six shillings a dozen! Seven pounds ten for oysters! The modern housewife must content herself with a dozen American Bluepoints at half-a-crown!

Dickensians require no catalogue of the hospitality so often extended by Mr. Wardle.

But to what a trivial circumstance may be attributed the Pickwickians' first meeting with that gentleman! But for the waywardness of Mr. Pickwick's hat, which was blown against the wheel of Mr. Wardle's barouche, the happy meeting with the jovial old fellow and his sister and daughters might not have taken place! The revellings at Dingley Dell and the adventures, matrimonial and otherwise, which there befell the Pickwickians, had their origin in—a puff of wind!

STUDIES ON "EDWIN DROOD"

By C. F. LEHMANN-HAUPT

(*Continued from page* 305, Vol. xxxi)

4. Who was Poker-Datchery?

As we stated towards the end of our former article (1935, p. 303), the answer to this question has been anticipated, to a considerable extent, by the late Mr. Montagu Saunders in his book, "The Mystery in the Drood Family." Without being aware of Datchery's identity with Poker, Mr. Saunders had shewn (p. 84), with a high degree of probability, that Datchery was a member of the firm of solicitors on the floor below to whom Grewgious deputed his legal business. Mr. Saunders had also tentatively put forward the theory that Datchery would have been found to be in some way related to Rosa, and therefore personally interested in Jasper's conviction (p. 90).

"See," Mr. Saunders proceeds, "whether Datchery's" (we may say Poker-Datchery's) "speech affords any corroboration of his identity with Grewgious's lawyer friend. First take his interview with Sapsea, noting, by the way, how admirably he adapts his style of address and speech to the solemn jackass," just as we have seen Poker do, "and what different styles he assumes with Deputy and the Opium Woman respectively; a diplomatic bird indeed!"

> "Who but a lawyer would ever think of addressing Sapsea as 'The Worshipful the Mayor,' 'His Honour,' or 'His Honour the Mayor'? Such a mode of address would, on the other hand, suggest itself *naturally* and almost infallibly to a lawyer desirous of flattering a provincial Mayor. . . . And then consider Datchery's confession when Sapsea states, as a general remark, that Diplomacy is a fine profession. 'There I confess His Honour the Mayor is too many for me; even a diplomatic bird must fall to such a gun.' Without actually asserting a falsehood, Datchery has satisfied the solemn jackass's curiosity by a particularly subtle answer."

Note again the analogy, which we pointed out before (1935, p. 304), with Poker's evasion of Sapsea's questions, "Where are you going to, Poker? And where do you come from?"

Mr. Saunders continues:

> "Read the whole of this scene aloud to any moderately experienced lawyer, and suggest to him, if he is not beforehand with the suggestion, that Datchery was a member of the legal profession, and I think that in nine cases out of ten the theory will gain his immediate adherence."

As to Poker-Datchery's appearance, we saw (1935, p. 303) that the idea of his long streaming hair being due to a wig must be abandoned; it is his own shock of natural hair which had been turned white or grey by powder or tinting. But a wig does come in in another way. Mr. Saunders says in *The Dickensian*, 1919, p. 188:

> "With regard to Datchery's peculiar gesture, and his habit of walking about uncovered, they are both capable of a simple explanation. The whole of his conversation with Sapsea proves him to be

a legal man, and if we suppose him to have been a barrister, the difficulty vanishes, as barristers are accustomed to walk about without hats, but with their wigs on, as every frequenter of the neighbourhood of the law-courts will testify; what Datchery had a 'vague expectation' of finding on his head was therefore a barrister's wig."

Now as to Poker-Datchery being a relation of Rosa and having in this way a personal interest in his task of bringing Jasper to bay. Mr. Saunders (p. 89) had based his theory on Datchery's "wistful gaze," which would imply "a close personal and affectionate interest on the part of Datchery in the matter he is investigating." Mr. Saunders also pointed out that at the beginning of Chapter IX Rosa is said to have no relation "*that she knew of in the world*," which would be quite in keeping with Dickens' method if he wanted his readers to *assume* that she had none, while leaving the door open for the introduction of one later. It is true that Mr. Saunders dropped this idea later, saying (1919, p. 188):

> "The argument that he must have had a personal interest in his work, which is based on his 'wistful gaze' at Jasper's beacon, carries no weight, as a casual perusal of Dickens's other books shows that his use of the word was 'extensive and peculiar.' Taking *Nicholas Nickleby*, we find that it is used on at least seven occasions, on one of which it is applied to—Ralph Nickleby! Imagine Ralph Nickleby possessing a heart to be engaged on any business!"

But leaving aside for the moment the meaning of the "wistful gaze," the argument that Dickens wished to indicate that there may be a relation of Rosa's of whom she did not know holds good, and since it must be a person living outside Cloisterham the choice is very restricted. Tartar was certainly not related to Rosa, nor was Grewgious who had loved her mother, nor Mr. Crisparkle living in Cloisterham, nor Mrs. Crisparkle's sister, the other china piece; and since Bazzard was a relation of the Billickin who certainly did not belong to a set in any way on an equal footing with, let alone related to, Rosa, there only remains (besides Poker-Datchery), the Opium Woman, about whose origin and former position we know too little to be able absolutely to deny the possibility of her being related to Rosa in some way. But it is far more likely that it was Poker-Datchery who was to turn out to be a relation of Rosa's with an interest in her welfare, and consequently a personal reason for seeking to secure Jasper's conviction.

That Dickens attached great importance to his allusion to Rosa's lack of relations is proved by his successive attempts to formulate to his own satisfaction the first sentence of Chapter IX. On examining, with Mr. Carden, this chapter in MS. in Dickens's handwriting we found a very complicated set of entries indeed; there are words on the line which have been deleted and which (since they are repeated *verbatim*, or in the same sense, later on) must have been struck out as soon as written—these words are italicised in the following reproduction; then there are words and phrases which Dickens changed by

striking them out and replacing them by words written above the line: and, last, there are additions over the line, some of which Dickens deleted. Dickens had first written:

"Rosebuddish Rosa Bud having *within her knowledge* no relation *in the world*." He then deleted the words in *italics* and continued: 'that she knew of in the world, had, *for* from the tenth year of her age known no home but the Nuns' House and no mother," etc. To 'of her age" was added "or thereabouts" over the line. The words "from the tenth" were deleted and replaced by "from the seventh" over the line and the words "or thereabouts" were likewise deleted leaving the text as it stands in print, the comma after Rosa having been added when Dickens replaced the words "Rosebuddish Rosa Bud," with the single name "Rosa."

The very special care which Dickens took in formulating his allusion to a relation unknown to Rosa, may now, I think, be combined with Datchery's "wistful gaze" in excluding the remote possibility of the Opium Woman coming in in this respect and in deciding in favour of Poker-Datchery as the only possible candidate, so that after all (and in spite of Ralph Nickleby, etc.) Mr. Saunders was right in his tentative suggestion. It is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the deplorable non-existence of the second half of the novel, we cannot further develop the rôle that Poker-Datchery was to play in the working out of the plot of the story.

5. Why was the Eight Club Fragment Discarded?

This question, I think, can now be satisfactorily answered. Dickens, as Forster tells us (Ley's Forster, p. 816), "had misgivings lest he might have plunged too soon into the incidents leading on to the catastrophe, such as the Datchery assumption in the fifth number (a misgiving he had certainly expressed to his sister-in-law)." This, it is true, is not in keeping with Mrs. Perugini's statement towards the end of her letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette," where she says expressly that Dickens spoke to her aunt "of some difficulty he was in with his work *without expressing what it was*." But Miss Hogarth may have told Forster her own view about Dickens's allusion to his difficulty, or Miss Hogarth may have based her communication to Forster on another remark of Dickens of which Mrs. Perugini was not aware. Be this as it may, an independent proof that Dickens felt that he had "prematurely disclosed Datchery's interest in Drood's disappearance" (Saunders, p. 138), is to be found in the excisions which Dickens made in Chapter XVIII as put together in Sir W. R. Nicholl's book, "The Problem of Edwin Drood." We see, as Mr. Saunders points out, "that Dickens deleted the phrase containing Datchery's 'second look of some interest' besides 'the whole paragraph wherein he had made Datchery draw from Mrs. Tope the recital of the tragedy and the whole of the long conversation between Datchery and Sapsea on the same subject, as well as the indirect references to the law; further the reminder to Deputy that he owes him a job,' and, finally, the few words relating 'to Datchery's intention to visit Durdles.'"

Thus " Forster by disregarding Dickens's emendations " spoilt the effect that Dickens had intended, namely, to leave the reader in doubt about Datchery's mission. Now, if Dickens wanted to conceal Datchery's real mission from the reader, it is quite evident that the Eight Club Fragment, wherever it might have been inserted in the first half of the novel, was bound to be even more dangerous than the deleted passages, since the fragment discloses quite clearly that a stranger has come to Cloisterham with the intention of making up to Sapsea, the ally upon whom Jasper counted chiefly for assistance in his attempts to fix the guilt of Edwin's murder upon Neville; so that Dickens could no longer contemplate the use of the Fragment which had evidently been written at a pretty early date.

In this connection it must be specially stressed that the paragraphs " Might I ask His Honour " to " with his white hair streaming " which Dickens struck out belong to the conversation between Sapsea and Datchery foreshadowed in the Eight Club Fragment; both containing futile attempts by Sapsea to find out Poker-Datchery's movements and profession, which the latter skilfully evades.

Furthermore, the Eight Club Fragment would have given a premature insight into Sapsea's base and mean character (selling out Kimber and making a ridiculous and uncalled for semi-clerical speech on that occasion, he being himself the creditor who had issued the writ that had led to the sale), an insight which, on further consideration, Dickens must have considered to be detrimental to the gradual development of his plot. So that there were certainly a number of reasons for his discarding the Fragment.

6. The Cover Once More.

We know that the first of the figures on the staircase is Poker-Datchery and the third is Durdles (1929, p. 169; 1935, p. 302). The second figure, although part of its face is hidden by the post round which the staircase winds, can yet be identified with certainty. In the upper part of the man's cheek there is a faint indication of whisker such as Grewgious has, and he seems to be of a tall frame, which equally answers to Grewgious; Crisparkle, who likewise has whiskers and is tall, is ruled out on account both of the absence of clerical dress and of the Dean's injunction to him (1935, p. 302), hence the second figure must be Grewgious. The fact that he is an elderly and likewise an " angular " man seems to me to be admirably expressed by the way in which Fildes represents him climbing the staircase. How well the notion of Grewgious following Datchery in pursuit of Jasper is in keeping with the view that Datchery was set on Jasper's track by Grewgious goes without saying.

To explain why Collins's smoking girl, in the lower corner of the thorny side, was changed, by Dickens's instructions, into a smoking Chinaman, I need only refer the reader to what I wrote before (1929, p. 170). But here I would raise the question whether " the ghost of a shriek " should not be considered in conjunction with the sentence, " albeit a mysterious lady with a child in her arms and a rope dangling

rom her neck has been seen flitting about there by sundry witnesses s intangible as herself," which occurs in the passage describing the erie stillness of the Cathedral Precincts. Not that I fail to see the ifference between the ghost of a shriek uttered by a woman—the)pium Woman's daughter at the instant of her murder by Jasper—nd the flitting appearance of a woman who had evidently been hanged or the murder of her child. But I think it quite possible that Dickens nay have wished to leave his readers in doubt as to what really had appened in this connection. The rope might even have been the neans by which Jasper killed the woman, just as he strangled Edwin vith his scarf. That there is some reference to Jasper and his second nd chief victim in that passage we shall presently see.

The girl on the rosy side hurrying upwards and passing a placard eaded "Lost," I cannot consider (notwithstanding Charles Collins, 919, p. 196) as intended only to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Bud as to the fate of her lover, Drood: for there are no allegories n the cover scenes—except, of course, the two female figures in the opmost corners on the thorny and the rosy sides. I take the girl o be Rosa fleeing after her interview with Jasper. We know that Mr. Sapsea had suggested that placards and advertisements should e widely circulated (Chap. XV, p. 118, orig. ed.), one of these placards would have been posted outside and even inside the Nuns' House.

As to the centre scene of the Cover, it is well known that I utterly eject the idea of Edwin's survival (1929, p. 169) and abide by what I said, 'The figure encountered by Jasper can only be the ghost of Edwin as seen by the murderer in his half-dazed condition, or a person dressed as Edwin."

The former view has been advocated by Sir Henry Dickens in a etter written to Mr. Dexter, dated "Mentone France Xmas, 1928," vhich I have been allowed to make use of. Sir Henry writes:—

> "I have just been re-reading *Edwin Drood* and was struck by a passage which seemed to foreshadow that part of the cover which shews Jasper casting the light of the lantern full upon what would appear to be the figure of the living Edwin Drood. The passage I allude to occurs in the weird midnight visit of Durdles and Jasper in the crypt—I cannot recall the language of it, but the substance of it is this: 'If ever there was a place in which a man might think he was looking on dead men as living, surely this was the place.'
>
> "This to my mind contemplates what was to happen in the future, when Jasper under circumstances which are not made clear to us, in his horror and delirium caused by opium, appeared to look upon the dead Edwin Drood as though he were alive.
>
> "I wonder whether this ever occurred to you or any of the commentators on *Edwin Drood*."

The passage quoted by Sir Henry from memory occurs towards the end of the paragraph, mentioned above, describing the eerie stillness of the Precincts and runs:—

> "If the dead do, under any circumstances, become visible to the living, these are such likely surroundings for the purpose that I, the living, will get out of them as soon as I can."

It will be seen that the author's words are not so pointed as Sir Henry recalled them to be, but are rather the outcome of the general passage which they conclude. Nevertheless, Sir Henry was right in seeing here an intentional allusion to what his father planned to bring about later on: an apparent encounter between Jasper the murderer and his victim, in the immediate precincts of the Cathedral of Cloisterham, as illustrated in the centre scene of the cover, both in the version of Collins (whom Dickens instructed) and in the revised version of Fildes (with whose alterations the author did not entirely agree at first, 1935, p. 233).

But whether this encounter was to be a real one, with a person disguised as Edwin, or a vision of Jasper's, the effect of opium, cannot, to my mind, be decided from this remote allusion.

I agree with Mr. Saunders (pp. 100 121, 127) that it was Neville disguised as Edwin whom Jasper meets where he had deposited Edwin's body—in Mrs. Sapsea's monument, as Mr. Saunders thinks and as I shall be able to prove presently. There his body had been " discovered by Durdles at the instigation of Datchery and removed " (p. 120).

The ring—in spite of what Dickens had told Forster, when first explaining to him the plot of the novel (Ley's " Annotated Forster," p. 808) was *not* necessary for the identification of the body. But Jasper was interested " to recover the ring in order to obtain his final piece of evidence wherewith to incriminate Neville " (Saunders, p. 101, 129) by fixing him with the guilt of possessing it. Jasper had heard from Bazzard, " who had been employed by Grewgious to shadow Jasper " when in London " and had turned traitor to his employer (Saunders, pp. 122, 128), that the ring " had been entrusted to Edwin the day before his death." Meeting Neville unexpectedly, disguised as Edwin, and seeing that Neville knew his secret, Jasper killed Neville and was hunted into the Cathedral and up its tower by Poker-Datchery, Grewgious and Durdles, who had been in hiding near the place where Jasper was to meet Neville, disguised as a living Edwin. But where was this meeting to take place ?

(To be continued)

A NURSERY IN THE NINETIES

UNDER this title Victor Gollancz, Ltd., have just published a volume by Eleanor Farjeon. The nursery was shared by her with her equally clever brothers, Harry and J. Jefferson (their maternal grandfather was the famous American actor). Dickens permeated that nursery because of their father's great admiration for him. There was a legend, too, about a certain letter from the great man, written in 1866, to a " printer's devil " in Dunedin who had emigrated to New Zealand some years before, and had published a novel which he thought Dickens might reprint in *All the Year Round*. That letter brought B. L. Farjeon to London, and to fame, although he received no further assistance from the novelist. The letter was a complete " Mrs. Harris " to the children, but it was discovered after the father's death, and is printed in full in this volume. It was the usual cautious letter such as Dickens invariably wrote to would-be literary aspirants, but it

was sufficient to bring the young printer-author back to England again, and our older readers will recall the distinctly Dickensian flavour of Farjeon's novels.

Apart from all this, Miss Farjeon has given us a truly delightful and unconventional book.

C.-B. "MEANS BUSINESS."

THE PRIME MINISTER (*Mr. Snodgrass*) PREPARES TO RESCUE LIBERAL LEGISLATION (*Mr. Pickwick*) FROM THE CLUTCHES OF LORD LANSDOWNE (*Mr. Grummer*).

"Whereupon Mr Snodgrass, in order that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation."—*Pickwick Papers*, Chap. xxiv

"As to the report that we do not mean business about the House of Lords, there is not an atom of foundation for it."
C.-B.'s message to the Electors of Hexham.

Cartoon by Bernard Partridge, "Punch" 27th March, 1907

(*See page* 42)

PLAYS FROM PICKWICK

(COMPILED BY W. MILLER)

THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PICKWICK. A drama in three acts by William Leman Rede. London: W. Strange, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1837.

THE PICKWICK CLUB, OR THE AGE WE LIVE IN. A burletta in three acts by E. Stirling. London: J. Duncombe & Co. 1837.

SAM WELLER, OR THE PICKWICKIANS. A drama in three acts by W. T. Moncrieff. London: Published for the author. 1837.

THE PICKWICKIANS, OR THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SAM WELLER. A comic drama in three acts. Arranged from Moncrieff's adaptation by T. H. Lacy. 6d. 1837.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK. Arranged for the stage by John Hollingshead. New York: R. M. de Witt. 1871.

THE WELLER FAMILY. A comedy in one act by Frank E. Enson. 8vo. London: Diprose & Bateman. 1878.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. A farcical comedy in one act by Frank E. Enson. London: Diprose & Bateman. 6d. 1887.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK. Versified and diversified. Songs and choruses. Words by T. H. Gem. Music by Frank Spinney, Leamington: Barr, Clarendon Street. 6d. 1881.

THE GREAT PICKWICK CASE. 45 pp. A comic opera. Words of songs by Robert Pollit. Music by Thomas Rawson. Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son. 1884.

PICKWICK. A dramatic cantata in one act. Written by F. C. Burnand. Music by Edward Soloman. 1889.

MR. WINKLE'S WOOING, by Isobel M. Pagan. London: J. M. Dent & Son. N.D.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK, by John Hollingshead. Lacy's acting edition. 19 pp. 1907.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK. Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son. London: H. Vickers. N.D.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK. London: John Dicks & Co. 1d. N.D.

PICKWICK. A farce in three acts by William Leman Rede. London: John Dicks & Co. 1d. N.D.

MR. PICKWICK UND SEINE FREUNDE, by O. K. Notovich. Lustspiel. 1908.

BARDELL KONTRAU PICKWICK. In Esperanto by William Morrison. London. 21 pp. 8vo. 1907.

MONSIEUR PICKWICK. Comedie burlesque par G. Duval and R. Charvay. 8vo. 1911.

PICKWICK. A play in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly. 1927.

DINGLEY DELL, by J. Cooper Sands. 6d. 1934.

BOB SAWYER ENTERTAINS, by J. Cooper Sands. 6d. 1934.

THE MUSICAL PICKWICK. Compiled by Davis L. Martyn. N.D.

BARDELL *V.* PICKWICK. London: Diprose, Bateman & Co. N.D.

MESSRS. DODSON AND FOGG. Adapted by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

THE MEMORABLE TRIAL OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK. Arranged by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

THE REV. MR. STIGGINS, by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

THE ELOPEMENT, by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

MR. BOB SAWYER'S BACHELOR PARTY, by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

THE RIVAL EDITORS, by John Wallace, Junr. London and Otley: William Walker & Sons. N.D.

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"*

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

II

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men." From "Punch," 11 December, 1886

NEWMAN'S parody of Phiz's drawing of Mr. Winkle and the refractory mare, reproduced on page 309 of our last number, was not the only pictorial reference to *The Pickwick Papers* to appear in "Punch" during Dickens's lifetime. "Punch" has always been topical, and as we have seen both Leech (who was responsible for the full-page cartoons at the time) and Newman, who drew smaller pictures, seemed to prefer the current works of Dickens. There were, however, a few exceptions, particularly with the character of the Artful Dodger, as we intend to show later in this series.

The only large cartoon on a *Pickwick* subject during Dickens's life appears to be that in the issue of February 13th, 1847, reproduced on the next page. It was based on one of the famous Buss plates; but "Punch" for once was caught napping, and erroneously gave its acknowledgement to Seymour.

A year later, among three designs for plaster-of-Paris figures to ornament Twelfth Cakes, appeared the first "Punch" portrait of Mr. Pickwick himself (reproduced on page 3).

During 1882 appeared a series of fancy portraits of eminent politicians by Alfred Bryan entitled "Sketches from 'Boz'" and among the Pickwickian characters represented were Mr. Gladstone as Pickwick, standing on a chair in the well-known attitude of declamation, Dr. Lyon Playfair as Bob Sawyer, Lord Graville as Snodgrass, John Bright as Tupman, and Joseph Chamberlain as Winkle.

In the same year appeared a series of articles entitled "Holiday Haunts," by "Jingle Junior on the Jaunt."

In October, 1884, a new book of Max O'Rell, the French schoolmaster who gave us many amusing books concerning John Bull, was reviewed in half a column, most appropriately headed "Count Smorltork's Notes." Dickens was always creeping into the literary criticisms, then as now, and on just a few occasions the allusions in reviews have been considered worthy of illustration. Two very clever drawings by E. J. Wheeler have adorned Mr. Punch's book reviews. The first, on

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December 11th, 1886, is used as the head-piece to the present article. Mr. Pickwick is here seen handing Mr. Punch the two volumes of the "Jubilee Edition" of his immortal "Papers," and the title "They

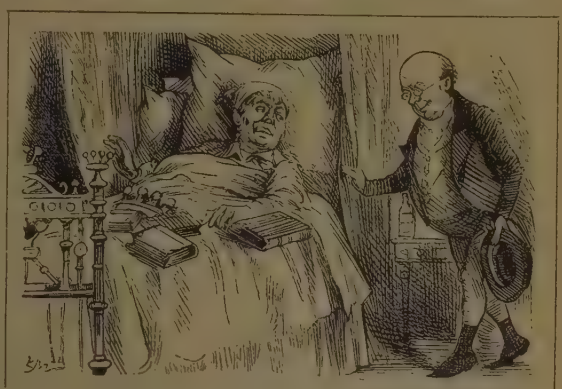
O'CONNELL STUMPED OUT.

(AFTER THE POPULAR SKETCH BY SEYMOUR.)

Leech's only *Pickwick* Cartoon for "Punch," 13th February, 1847

come as a boon and a blessing to Men" is, of course, part of a coupl well known at the time in the advertisements of "The Pickwick, th Owl and the Waverley Pen." The second drawing appeared o

February 1st, 1890, when reviewing Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," to which a sick Baron de Book Worms did very scant justice, saying, "Well, I'm hanged if I see where the fun of this is!" . . . "Bring me *Pickwick*" —which being done, within five minutes he "was shouting with spasmodic laughter, and Charles Dickens's drollery was as irresistible as ever."



In 1887 we find Mr. Gladstone referred to as "A Hardwarden'd Sinner," of course "in a Pickwickian sense."

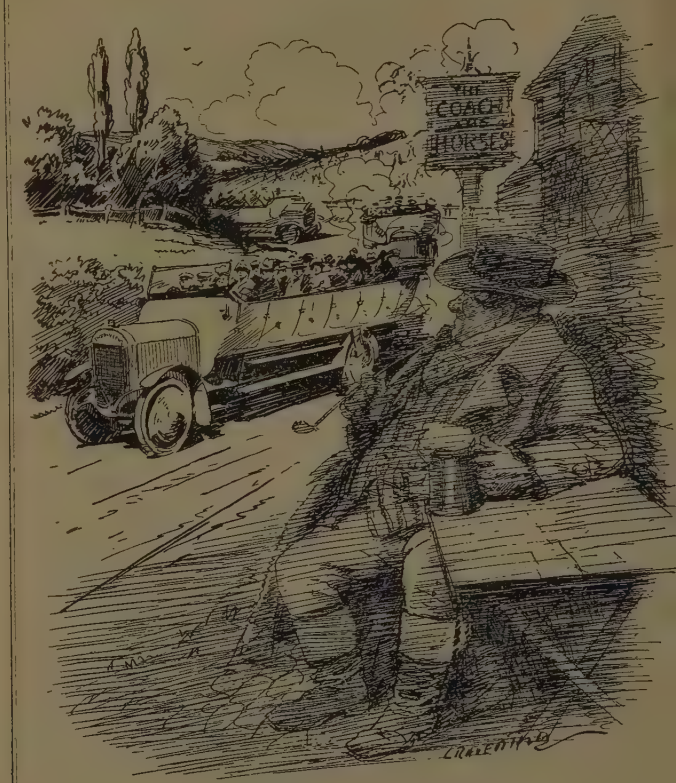
In the issue of September 5th, 1891, there was a page article entitled "Solomon Pell in all his glory; A Dickensian Dream at Plymouth," illustrated by one of the early drawings of E. T. Reed. On March 25th, 1893, the famous Stiggins ducking incident formed the subject of a page cartoon by Linley Sambourne (see page 50) with accompanying letterpress, and on June 10th following, we find some lines "To the Royal Geographical Society" headed "'Sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'you are a fellow.'"

Pickwick examinations were not to be confined to Cambridge University. During 1893 "Punch" put several posers before his readers in different odd corners from time to time. "On what occasion was the only mention of Champagne?" was one. Another, "Of what class of persons is it recorded that 'their looks are not prepossessing and their manners are peculiar?'" The last poser was in reference to the twenty-five miles walk after the wedding breakfast, the question being, "When did they breakfast, and when did they dine, and how many hours did men of Mr. Pickwick's and Mr. Tupman's build take to do a twenty-five mile walk in?"

When the Röntgen Rays were discovered in 1896, "Punch," of course, thought of the Pickwick trial and recorded the incident of the "double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power." On November 21st, 1896, to herald the advent of the motor, there appears a trifle entitled "The Muggleton Motor-car; or the Wellers on Wheels."

The insult added to injury by putting "Moses" before the revered name of Pickwick, causing Sam to enquire, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty?" has never been used for a cartoon, but in two successive years (1885 and 1886) short paragraphs appeared

giving this amazing incident of the Bath coach in full, and in 1900 under a heading "A name to conjure with," the same allusion is made



THE REVIVAL OF THE ROAD.

Shade of Mr. Weller, Senior. "I DON'T SAY AS I LIKES THEM WEHICLES, BUT I DO LIKE TO SEE THE ROAD AWENGING OF ITSELF ON THE RAILWAY."

From "Punch," 3 August, 1921

and full quotation from the book is given; somewhat surprising, "Punch" is not often given to repetition.

In 1900 (March 7th) we find *The Pickwick Papers* "reviewed R. le G–ll–ne," as one of a series of "Masterpieces modernised."

903 A. C. Deane contributed half a page of Bardell *v.* Pickwick up to date."

The incident of Mr. Pickwick in the pound was first used by . T. Reed for a small cartoon in 1904, but the subject was never etter travestied than when this country went off gold in an article n October 7th, 1931, entitled "Mr. Punch, Pickwick, and the ound."

"Swelling wisibly"—an expression of great possibility, has only een used once, and then only as the title of a cartoon in 1913 when Ir. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there was othing Dickensian about the cartoon itself.

Tony Weller was most admirably represented by Bernard Partridge n the large cartoon "The Revival of the Road," on August 3rd, 921, and in the cartoon of March 9th, 1927, Raven Hill adapted 'hiz's well-known drawing of "The Valentine" with Lord Oxford s the elder Weller.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, the character of Sam Veller has been adapted for "Punch" only once. That was in 1927 /hen A. W. Lloyd represented him as rather a portly fellow (in his iddle age no doubt Sam took after his father). Here he received he name of A. M. Samuel Weller and we see him brushing a boot nd expounding his philosophy, "We shan't be bankrupt, and we han't make our fort'ns." This was of course at the time when Mr. Samuel made his first appearance at the Treasury. Tony Weller's dvice "beware of widders" appealed to E. T. Reed in 1907 as a good title for a humorous sketch when "Lulu" Harcourt was advocating the employment of widows in Government offices; the only other ime this saying has been pictorially represented in "Punch" was n the occasion of a revival of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" in 1928 when W. H. Haselden gave it as his title for a sketch representing he Duke of Athens and the three importunate widowed queens.

"A Pickwick Reunion at Dingley Dell" by Lloyd in November 21st, 1923, occupied half a page and was a skilful adaptation of the well-known drawing. Asquith was Pickwick and Mr. Lloyd George old Mrs. Wardle. All the other characters were given political significance.

Mr. Alfred Pickwick Davies, M.P., was first so called early in 1901, when the political notes recommended him "Keep your eye on Joe," meaning Joseph Chamberlain, and not the Fat Boy. On May 15th, 1901, E. T. Reed made the excellent drawing of him reproduced on this page. At the same time "Toby, M.P." wrote, in his "Essence of Parliament" "According to common report Mr. Pickwick has been dead these many years. Sark insists that he is back with us in the flesh, and has assumed the name of Alfred

"Mr. Pickwick" Redivivus!

Davies." A further small cartoon of Davies as Pickwick appeared in 1902 (April 23rd).

It was not until 1914 that another Pickwick turned up in the person of Captain Craig, who, two years before, as Snodgrass had taken his coat off. In a small cartoon A. W. Lloyd represented him as regarding "with abhorrence the exchange of compliments between Asquith as Buzfuz, and Bonar Law as Snubbin."

From "Punch" Almanac, 1912
By Bernard Partridge

Apart from the Fat Boy making one's flesh creep, of which such extensive use is made that we shall have to leave the subject until our next number, the most popular *Pickwick* incident for cartoons appears to be the encounter at Ipswich with Mr. Grummer, and Mr. Snodgrass taking off his coat.

A large cartoon on this subject by Bernard Partridge representing Campbell-Bannerman as Snodgrass appeared on March 27th, 1907, and is reproduced on page 35.

Captain "Snodgrass" Craig was pictured in a similar attitude in 1912, and the story was repeated on May 7th, 1924, by A. W. Lloyd, with Kirkwood in the same act.

PLEASE HELP THE DICKENS HOUSE FUNDS

Since the Dickens House accounts (page 57) were made up, a further donation of ten pounds has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Guest, Mrs. Martin and the Misses May and Ida Martin of the Nottingham Branch, the proceeds of a Whist Drive arranged by them in October last. In addition to this, the Branch itself has made a generous donation of ten pounds. The continued help of these Nottingham friends is much appreciated, and should encourage others to similar endeavour. We are particularly anxious to see the Dickens House clear of debt at the Pickwick Centenary.

Professor Stephen Leacock gave an amusing and instructive lecture to the Pittsburgh Branch recently. This branch reports that the quarterly dinners have proved most successful, and that the production of a play based on *Great Expectations* was an outstanding success. Their last season closed with a Tiny Tims picnic.

* * * * *

Winnipeg's philanthropic work is extending. The committee handling the Tiny Tim Fund has made grants to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Back-to-the-Land Association for the assistances of needy children and the usual donation to the Childrens' Aid Society. Also the Associated Fresh Air Camps and the Tiny Tim Christmas Cheer, etc.

THE RECEPTION OF DICKENS'S FIRST BOOK

THE Centenary of *Pickwick* is likely to overshadow another very important centenary in the life of Dickens, and we must not lose ght of the fact that Dickens's first book was published only about vo months before the immortal *Pickwick* made his first bow to ne public.

Sketches by Boz in two volumes at one guinea was published on or bout 8th February, 1836; as we all know, it was a collection of short ories and sketches which had previously appeared in various publica- ons. The publisher was John Macrone, and Dickens's correspondence ith him was first published in *The Dickensian* in 1934. These letters irew many a side-light on the struggling young journalist, and showed ie assistance given him by the editor of the "Morning Chronicle" a singing the praises of the new author.

Sketches by Boz was well advertised in the principal literary weeklies, f which there appear to have been quite as large a number then, s there are to-day.

The "Morning Chronicle" notice, the work of George Hogarth, ickens's father-in-law-to-be, was as follows:

> We need hardly tell our readers that "BOZ" is a *nom de guerre* assumed by a satirical essayist, whose lucubrations, during the past twelve months, have frequently appeared in our pages. The two volumes before us consist partly of a selection from the papers which this writer has contributed to various periodicals, and partly of matter hitherto unpublished; and he has been induced to publish the work (he says in his preface) by "the favourable reception which several of these Sketches met with on their original appearance." The new matter forms a considerable portion of the volumes, and includes some of the most remarkable and striking of the author's productions.
>
> These "Sketches" are evidently the work of a person of various and extraordinary intellectual gifts. He is a close and acute observer of character and manners, with a strong sense of the ridiculous and a graphic faculty of placing in the most whimsical and amusing lights the follies and absurdities of human nature. He has the power, too, of producing tears as well as laughter. His pictures of the vices and wretchedness which abound in this vast city are sufficient to strike to the heart of the most careless and insensible reader.
>
> His disposition, however, evidently leads him to look on the bright and sunny side of things; and a kindly and benevolent spirit tempers the severity of his ridicule of folly, and softens the gloom of his descriptions of vice. The same turn of mind makes him dwell with heartfelt satisfaction upon the pleasures, comforts, and innocent recreations of the middle classes of society, especially in London; witness his "Christmas Dinner" a charming paper, which might have been written by Washington Irving in one of his happiest hours.
>
> Our author possesses, too, a rich and fertile imagination.

Many of these Sketches are in the form of tales, some of which are of considerable length. These tales are in general very interesting and entertaining; and several of them are so ingenious in their plot, so full of *ris comica*, and told in so dramatic a manner, that they want little more than a division into scenes to become excellent theatrical pieces. To one of them "The Bloomsbury Christening," Mr. Buckstone is indebted for his very popular piece of "The Christening," and the admirable tales, "The Great Winglebury Duel," "The Boarding House," "Horatio Sparkins," and the "Passage in the life of Mr. Watkins Tottle," are equally rich in dramatic materials.

The most remarkable paper in the book is that entitled "A Visit to Newgate." It contains a minute, and we believe, a very accurate description of this dismal abode, and of its guilty and miserable inmates. It is written throughout in a tone of high moral feeling and with great eloquence, and must leave a deep and lasting impression on the mind of every reader. The concluding picture of a condemned criminal passing his last night on earth in his solitary cell is drawn with terrible power.

The idea is similar to that of Victor Hugo, in his "*Dernier jour d'un condamne*" but there is a certain and artificial and exaggerated air—a sort of French *tournure*—in Victor Hugo's description, from which that of our countryman is free; and being equally eloquent and more simple, it is even more pathetic and impressive than the celebrated passage to which it may be compared.

The book is richly illustrated by the modern Hogarth, George Cruikshank, who has evidently laboured *con amore*, and has equalled —indeed we may say surpassed—any of his previous efforts. The illustrations (of which there are a considerable number in each volume) are beautiful and highly finished etchings, admirable as pieces of art, and full of the truth, nature, grotesque humour, and irrestible drollery, which distinguish this unrivalled artist. Nothing can excel the ability with which he has embodied the conceptions of his coadjutor, and placed before the very eyes of the reader the scenes and characters which "Boz" has presented to his imagination.

The earliest independent notice was that given in "The Literary Gazette" for 13th February where it had a prominent display:

"The scenes of many coloured life he drew" may be fairly applied to the present essayist who displays not only humour and feeling but a genuine acquaintance with his subjects in these numerous sketches of common life. The author has traced his characters their occupations, their pursuits, and their pleasures with much talent and apparent fidelity; and those who wish to have a peep into pawnbrokers' shops, dancing academies, private theatres, gin shops, marine-stores, marine excursions, and similar resorts and occupations of the middling and lower orders, will find them cleverly and amazingly described in these pages. We would quote a specimen but believe they are almost all already familiar to the readers of periodicals, being now only collected and improved in effect by the concordant pencil of George Cruikshank."

"The Satirist" which made a speciality of literary reviews gave the

following notice during the same week, and Dickens must have felt proud indeed at so kind a reception:

> We have seldom read two more agreeable volumes than these. We have before had a laugh over some of the well-drawn sketches they contain, and which are in their way inimitable. The author is a man of unquestionable talent and of great and correct observation. George Cruikshank has ably executed his portion of the work, and entered fully into the spirit as well as the feeling of the writer.

In "The Sun" the book was advertised on the 15th February and reviewed the same day at the top of a column in centre page, as follows:

> The majority of these "Sketches" have already appeared in the columns of an evening contemporary, and some few of them in the "Monthly Magazine"; and as they were uniformly well received, the author has very properly consented to their republication. They evince great powers of observation, and fidelity of description combined with a humour, which though pushed occasionally to the very verge of caricature, is on the whole full of promise. But their principal merit is their matter of factness, and the strict literal way in which they adhere to nature. The characters are not idealities, but have all the "mark and likelihood"—especially the admirable one of Long Dumps, the splenetic old bachelor—of set portraits. Two more amusing volumes in their way have not appeared this season, and we have little or no doubt that they will grow rapidly into favour with country readers, who must naturally feel a curiosity to read about the oddities which are to be met with, in such abundance, among the middle and lower classes of metropolitan society. The work is illustrated by George Cruikshank in his best manner. We subjoin a pleasing extract from an article entitled "Hackney Coach Stands" . . . . .

The week following "The Athenæum" noticed the book in the following terms:

> Many of the papers in this collection have appeared before. They are well characterised by the writer, as illustrative of every-day life and every-day people. There are scenes and characters sketched with admirable truth; but a suspicion crossed our minds during the perusal, whether the subjects were always worthy of the artistic skill and power of the writer; some of the papers, however, are excellent.

An understanding review, certainly, yet the writer was not quite sure if the subject was sufficiently refined for the gifts of the writer; similar expressions will be found in some of the other notices which follow. The critics were not as yet accustomed to writers who could pen interesting sketches of "every-day life and every-day people."

The same week saw two other favourable notices in important weekly papers. The first here given is from "The Court Journal" of 20th February, 1836, where, first of all, Cruikshank takes all the honours.

It is a bold thing to say, but we more than suspect that these illustrations comprise some of the very best things that Cruikshank ever executed ; and we half suspect that they are, taken all together, his very best. They may not be so extravagently droll as some, but they are more even and true to middle-life characters ; there is more of slyness and quaintness of humour in them ; and they are far more carefully executed. Even Cruikshank improves upon himself when he takes pains. Here, then, is one strong feature of recommendation ; and the humour and variety of the sketches themselves, enable us to extend our favourable testimony still further. These volumes are the merriest of the season. "Boz" is a kind of Boswell to society—and of the middle ranks especially. He is an old favourite of ours ; we remember laughing at two or three of these sketches when they first appeared in a contemporary, and we roared at "The Christening," as introduced by Mr. Buckstone at the Adelphi. Few of them are inferior even to that in broad humour—coarse, it is true, but very real. The subjects of "Boz" generally preclude refinement. Of these there are about thirty, all evincing a shrewd, quizzical insight into ordinary character, an apt knowledge of "every-day life and every-day character." The keen, but not ill-natured spirit, and the truly whimsical humour of these sketches, will be displayed in a quotation or two. It hardly matters which chapters we select from.

There followed a generous selection from "Shabby Genteel."

Sketches by Boz was advertised in the "News" and "Sunday Herald" in two separate places on the front page on 28th February. The previous week the following review had been given.

These sketches have, if we mistake not, already appeared in the columns of "The Morning" and "Evening Chronicle." They are replete with talent ; and when we say that we are left in doubt whether we most admire the racy humour and irresistible wit of the "sketches" or of the "illustrations" in George Cruikshank's very best style, our readers will agree that we could not well give higher commendation. Some of the sketches display a feeling far deeper than the professed character of the work would prepare us to expect. In all, from grave to gay, the delineation of character displayed is inimitably accurate. So accurate are the characteristics of the Cockneys exhibited in these sketches, that they might have been aptly entitled "Idiosyncracies of Cockneydom." The broad humour with which the most pungent absurdities of each character are drawn forth, justify us in conscientiously prescribing these volumes as the best we have ever seen for a cure of the blue devils.

The same week "The Sunday Times," where the book had been advertised the week before, said :

The majority of these very pleasant sketches have already appeared in the columns of "The Evening Chronicle," and the interest which they excited has, it seems, induced the author to publish them in their present form, with appropriate graphic illustrations of George Cruikshank, whose genius, like the purse of Fortunatus, is inexhaustible. If we mistake not, Boz whoever he is, will one day make Tom Hood look to his laurels.

Among the literary contents of "The Atlas" for 21st February, 836, appeared the following review:

"Sketches by Boz," 2 Vols. A series of sketches, chiefly dedicated to the everyday life of London, which for the greater part, originally appeared in an evening paper. There is some raciness and whim in these essays, but they seem to have been written in haste, and to want concentration and design. The style is loose and rambling, and the author sometimes falls into that manner of caricature and broad painting which is considered, we believe, by those whose tastes are not very delicate, to be clever of its kind, but which, we confess, appears to us to be sheer vulgarity. The difficulty of truly describing city life without reflecting its vulgarities, more or less, we admit; but this writer has a *gout* for them which precludes him from the benefit of the argument of necessity. Yet the work is, nevertheless, amusing, and some humorous wood-cuts by Cruikshank will help out its entertainment with the multitude.

Before the month was out John Forster wrote the following review n "The Examiner." At this time Forster had not met Dickens; n fact a year elapsed before they first met each other at the house f Harrison Ainsworth.

It appears in the most important part of the journal, in the columns ntitled "The Literary Examiner."

We were much struck by some of these sketches when we first read them in the publication in which they originally appeared, and a second perusal has strengthened the favourable impression. The author is a good observer; his perception of the ludicrous is quick, his humour is of a rich vein, and his little touches of pathos scattered here and there, are of that kind which nature has placed in the closest neighbourhood to humour. The style is unaffected, racy and agreeable.

The fault of the book is the caricature of Cockneyism, of which there is too much. This common-place sort of thing, is unworthy of the author, whose best powers are exercised obviously with great facility on the less hacknied subjects. He shows his strength in bringing out the meaning and interests of objects which would altogether escape the observation of ordinary mortals.

We quote a short specimen of the author's manner.

(This was an extract from "Omnibuses.")

"The Weekly Despatch" was rather late in coming out with its eview; it did not appear until 28th February although the book ad been advertised in its columns with a very bold headline "Boz's ketches" three weeks before.

Here are two very agreeable volumes of sketches, and tales illustrative of every-day life and every-day people. Some of the contents have appeared from time to time in various periodicals and the author was justified by public approbation in collecting them, and reprinting them, with additions, in their present shape. George Cruikshank has enriched the work with numerous pictures in his peculiarly characteristic style, and the volumes will form a very pleasant and handy addition to the library. They will amuse all

and instruct many. We trust the success of this work will be such as to encourage the author to future undertakings of a similar description.

This must have been not only very gratifying to "Boz," but helpful to the sales, for "The Weekly Despatch" had a large and popular circulation. The concluding paragraph, was no doubt well meant; yet it is interesting to note that when, just over a month later, the first monthly part of *The Pickwick Papers* appeared, this newspaper entirely ignored it, and subsequent issues.

"The Morning Post" on the March 12th, under the heading "Literature," reviewed the book as follows:

Under the eccentric signature attached to the above work, it may perhaps be recollected that the columns of a contemporary have contained a series of essays which have deservedly attracted much attention. They are now collected together, with sundry additional sketches, and it must be admitted that they fully merit a more lasting popularity than could have been afforded by the ephemeral reputation of a newspaper. The author is evidently a close and accurate observer of events in "life's dull stream" and, he has infinite skill in giving importance to the complex scenes of every-day occurrence. The varied aspects of society in the middle and lower classes are touched off with admirable truth and veracity. The graphic descriptions of "Boz" invest all he describes with amazing reality. This pleasing *vraisemblement* is the great charm of these "sketches" as they are modestly termed by the author. Natural humour and striking fidelity are, however, not the only praises to be bestowed. The pathetic powers of "Boz" are of a high order. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract an inimitable specimen of the intense feeling he has displayed in the tale of the broker's man. These volumes ought to be read both in town and in country. The inhabitants of the great "Wen" will find correct and able pictures of metropolitan society, and provincial readers will have a good insight into the manners and customs of some extraordinary classes of people in the British capital. We should add that the "Sketches" are illustrated, and that the illustrator is George Cruikshank, the mention of whose name is sufficient to guarantee the perfection of the cuts.

"The Metropolitan Magazine" was one of the very first of the critical journals to recognise that "Boz" was an entirely new force in literature, one who was not traversing any of the old and well recognised paths.

In its issue for March, 1836, it said:

We strongly recommend this facetious work to the Americans. It will save them the trouble of reading some hundred dull-written tomes on England, as it is a perfect picture of the morals, manners and habits of a great portion of English Society. It is hardly possible to conceive a more pleasantly reading book; delightful for the abundance of its sly humour, and instructive in every chapter. The succession of portraits does not reach higher than of the best of the middle classes, but descends with a startling fidelity to the

lowest of the low. Where all are so good, it would be needless for us to particularise any one of these admirable sketches . . . . .

ELECTING A CHANCELLOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(A LITTLE ALTERED FROM GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "ELECTING A BEADLE.")

The only "Punch" Cartoon founded on "Sketches by Boz," 6 March, 1847

There was a reference in this review to the suitability of many of the stories as admirable groundwork for light comedies and farces. Dickens had not overlooked this possibility as we know, and the notice in "The Metropolitan" must have been a commendable urge to him. It concluded :

We do not know the author, but we should apprehend that he has, from the peculiar turn of his genius, been already successful as a dramatist ; if he has not yet, we can safely opine that he may be if he will. Taken altogether, we have rarely met with a work that has pleased us more, and we know that our taste is always that of the public.

" Chambers's Edinburgh Journal " on April 9th reprinted *The Boarding House* with the following eulogistic note :

The following tale is abridged from *Sketches by Boz*, illustrative of every-day life and every-day people. Two volumes, recently published by Mr. Macrone. This work appears to be an early—perhaps a first—attempt of some new writer ; if so, we would recommend him to proceed, for, unless he fall off very miserably in his subsequent efforts, he can scarcely fail to become a successful and popular author. His chief object in the present publication had been to depict life and character, as exemplified in the ranks of the metropolis ; and this he has accomplished in a style, which, bating a little caricature and exaggeration, strikes us as extremely happy. He has much comic power, perceives traits which are not consciously noted by ordinary observers, and yet, when mentioned, remind everybody of the thing described. We warmly recommend these two volumes to the notice of our readers.

" The Mirror " of April 16th was somewhat supercilious. It remarked that the sketches were " descriptive of everyday life and everyday people and are certainly written with a considerable share of broad humour " ; adding that they thought them " too everydayish."

Reduced facsimile of a " Punch " Cartoon by Linley Sambourne, 25 March, 1893

They want relief and their incidents border too closely on the commonplace, so as to belong to the slightest magazine writing, which can only be said to amuse without any higher effect. This is to be regretted, because Sketches such as " Boz " can write may be pointed with a moral, and made the vehicle of some excellent instruction and improvement of the heart. Here is too much cockney vulgarity, and the incidents savour too strongly of low London life. We detach a few passages from Sketches free from these eccentricities.

W. D.

THE CALVERLEY EXAMINATION IN PICKWICK AT CAMBRIDGE, 1857

ONE of those joyous episodes that can never be repeated and ranking worthily with the Trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood, held in London in 1914, was the Examination in *Pickwick* at Cambridge University in 1857 conducted by C. S. Calverley, famous for his witty verses.

The examination paper itself was later printed by the author in "Fly Leaves." The winner of the first prize was Walter Besant, who, some thirty years after the event, wrote for the Jubilee edition of *The Pickwick Papers* an account of the examination which we present to our readers by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., the publishers.

THE EXAMINATION.

By Walter Besant.

At the time when this examination was held, the examiner, afterwards so well known by his initials, "C.S.C.", was a young don of Christ's College, Cambridge, still a Bachelor of Arts, and recently elected to a Fellowship. Calverley had at this time a great reputation in the University for cleverness. . . . The *Pickwick* examination was not altogether a burlesque of a College examination; it was a very real and searching examination in a book which, brimful as it is of merriment, mirth, and wit, is just as intensely human as a book can be. . . . It was this humanity in the book which made Calverley fond of reading it and quoting it, and ready to like anyone who loved it. The examination was held in Calverley's rooms at seven in the evening. The number of candidates for the prize was, I believe, about a dozen, but the stiffness of the paper and the unexpected ingenuity of the questions made short work of most, and I am proud to say that I had from the beginning but one serious competitor, the present Professor at Cambridge of Anglo-Saxon, Skeat. He was, indeed, formidable, being a man of remarkable memory, wide reading, and a profound student of his Dickens. It was a two hours' paper, and in the intervals of my own writing, as I looked round the table I was disgusted to find that although the other men were mostly gazing into each other's faces with an expression that showed themselves beaten, Skeat, for his part, was doggedly writing on, as if resolved and able to floor the paper. Now, for my own part, I found that I could by no means floor the paper. The examiner, meantime, clothed in his cap, hood, and gown, marched up and down the room, giving to the ceremony all the solemnity of the Senate House, save for the briar-root which graced his lips.

Before eight o'clock the other men were either sitting back in their chairs, hopelessly, or racking their memories over some obscure point, such as the number of Sam Weller's near relations, or struggling feebly with a question; but the contest was virtually over, and the two prizes lay, quite obviously, between Skeat and myself. Before nine o'clock I had answered everything I knew, had read over and corrected my papers, and was ready with them, numbered, signed,

and folded, when the examiner came round to collect them. Skeat, I saw with disquiet, continued writing till the last moment allowed, and I fancied, but perhaps this was due to the jealousy of competition, that there was a slight flush of triumph upon his checks as he signed his name on the back, and handed over a bundle which seemed bulkier than my own.

The paper itself will be found, by anyone who will take the trouble to analyse it, a very remarkable document. Not only is it, in itself, an extraordinarily clever paper, but it is a really serious test paper. No one could answer any of it who had not read and re-read *The Pickwick Papers* and acquired, so to speak, a mastery of the subject. No one could do well in the examination who had not gone much further than this, and got to know the book almost by heart.

Further, it was a most wonderful burlesque of the ordinary College and Senate House classical examinations, considering the subject from every possible point of view, even with the sidelights of contemporary imitation. Especially is it rich in the department then dear to Cambridge scholars, the explanation of words, phrases, and idioms. Some of these which we were asked to illustrate were unintelligible even to the learned examiner, who referred them, with a copy of the examination paper, to the author. Among them was the remarkable expression, "My Prooshan Blue." It was a great disappointment to all of us that, although Charles Dickens acknowledged the paper in a delightful letter, he did not explain what was meant by "My Prooshan Blue." Probably it was a phrase which he had heard in a crowd, and had never asked himself what it meant.

It is pleasant to remember that the examination was followed by a Function much more in fashion in those unregenerate days than now—namely, a supper, of which the leading features were oysters and stout, with milk punch afterwards, songs, tobacco, and conversation till the small hours of the morning. Calverley's rooms generally showed a light till the small hours.

At four o'clock on the following day, when the dinner-bell ceased and the undergraduates were assembled in the Hall, the Fellows, headed by the Senior, came as usual out of the Combination Room, and walked in single file to the high table. Last of all walked the Junior Fellow, Calverley. At the door he stopped to affix a notice on the screen used for official announcements of examinations, prizes, scholarships, lists, etc. This done, with an air of business and importance, he gravely followed the rest, and took his place while the scholar for the day read the long Latin grace.

The paper contained the result of the Pickwick examination. I shall never again feel so great a joy as that which I experienced when someone read it aloud:

PICKWICK EXAMINATION.

First Prize	Besant.
Second Prize	Skeat.

C. S. CALVERLEY,
Examiner.

As for the marks, I believe that the full marks were 1,350, and that I obtained 835. I forget what Skeat, the second man, got.

Considering the stiffness of the paper, it was generally allowed that had done remarkably well. And I think so myself, to this day.

There was, I think, some feeling among the Seniors, and especially in the mind of the Master, at what was considered a burlesque of the College examination. If examinations are to be held up to ridicule, what is sacred? The examiner had announced this examination on the official screen, and had pinned upon it the result. He had conducted the ceremony exactly in the same way as if it had been a College examination, in academical costume, the men appearing in their gowns. Surely something ought to be done. I believe that, as a matter of fact, the Master did ask Calverley not to do it again, which, of course, was readily promised, because such a thing could only be done once. And I believe it has never been repeated. There would be no fun in doing such a thing again until the memory of the great original was quite forgotten.

PICKWICK EXAMINATION PAPER.

Cambridge, 1857.

1. Mention any occasions on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was *not* asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, sen., ran. Deduce from expressions used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum rate of speed.

2. Translate into coherent English, adding a note wherever a word, a construction, or an allusion, requires it: "Go on, Jemmy—like black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs"—"Smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well—but if I'd been your friend in the green Jemmy—punch his head—pig's whisper—pieman, too." Elucidate the expressions, "the Spanish traveller" and "the narcotic bedstead."

3. Who were Mr. Staple, Goodwin, Mr. Brooks, Villam, Mrs. Bunkin, "old Nobs," "cast-iron head," "young Bantam"?

4. What operation was performed on Tom Smart's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

5. Give, approximately, the height of Mr. Dubbley; and, accurately the Christian names of Mr. Grummer, Mrs. Raddle, and the Fat Boy; also the surname of "the Zephyr."

6. "Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." Illustrate this by a reference to the facts.

7. Describe the Rebellion which had irritated Mr. Nupkins on the day of Mr. Pickwick's arrest.

8. Give in full Samuel Weller's first compliment to Mary, and his father's critique upon the same young lady. What church was on the valentine that first attracted Mr. Samuel's eye in the shop?

9. Describe the common Profeel-machine.

10. State the component parts of dog's nose; and simplify the expression, "taking a grinder."

11. On finding his principal in the pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

12. "Any think for air and exercise; as the wery old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his deathbed to carry ten gen'lmen to Greenwich in a tax-cart." Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in *The Pickwick Papers* to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it.

13. What kind of cigars did Mr. Ben Allen chiefly smoke, and where did he knock and take naps alternately, under the impression that it was his home?

14. What was the ordinary occupation of Mr. Sawyer's boy? Whence did Mr. Allen derive the idea that there was a special destiny between Mr. S. and Arabella?

15. Describe Weller's method of "gently indicating his presence" to the young lady in the garden; and the form of salutation usual among the coachmen of the period.

16. State any incidents you know in the career of Tom Martin, butcher, previous to his incarceration.

17. Give Weller's theories for the extraction of Mr. Pickwick from the Fleet. Where was his wife's will found?

18. How did the old lady make a memorandum, and of what, at whist? Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm.

19. What is a red-faced Nixon?

20. Write down the chorus to each verse of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottled-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (Sam) had more brothers than one?

21. How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? and is any exception recorded?

22. What seal was on Mr. Winkle's letter to his father? What penitential attitude did he assume before Mr. Pickwick?

23. "She's a swellin' wisibly." When did the same phenomenon occur again, and what fluid caused the pressure on the body in the latter case?

24. How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds, and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described, when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins at the meeting? Write down the name of the meeting.

25. Προβατογυώμων: good judge of cattle: hence, a good judge of character." Note in Æsch. Ag.—Illustrate the theory involved by a remark of the parent Weller.

26. Give some account of the word "fanteeg," and hazard any conjecture explanatory of the expression "My Prooshan Blue" applied by Mr. Samuel to Mr. Tony Weller.

27. In developing to P.M. his views of a proposition, what assumption did Mr. Pickwick feel justified in making?

28. Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at the period.

29. What do you know of the hotel next the Bull at Rochester?

30. Who, besides Mr. Pickwick, is recorded to have worn gaiters?

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXX.—The "Splendid Strollers" Travel.

From "Recollections of Writers" by Mary Cowden-Clarke.

WHAT enchanting journeys those were! The coming on to the platform at the station, where Charles Dickens's alert form and beaming look met one with pleasurable greeting; the interest and polite attention of the officials; the being always seated with my sister Emma in the same railway carriage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon: the delightful gaiety and sprightliness of our manager's talk; the endless stories he told us; the games he mentioned and explained how they were played; the bright amenity of his names at various stations when he showed to persons in authority the free-pass ticket which had been previously given in homage to "Charles Dickens and his party"; the courteous alacrity with which he jumped out at one refreshment-room to procure food for somebody who had complained of hunger towards the end of the journey, and reappeared bearing a plate of buns which no one seemed inclined to eat, but which he held out, saying, "For heaven's sake, somebody eat some of them buns; I was in hopes I saw Miss Lavelle eye them with a greedy joy": his indefatigable vivacity, cheeriness, and good humour from morning till night—all were delightful. One of the stories he recounted to us, while travelling, was that of a man who had been told that slips of paper pasted across the chest formed an infallible cure for sea-sickness; and that upon going down into the cabin of the steamer, this man was to be seen busily employed cutting up paper into long narrow strips with the gravest of faces, and accompanying the slicing of the scissors by a sympathetic movement of the jaw, which Dickens mimicked as he described the process.

XXXI.—Visiting Dickens.

From "Recollections of Writers" by Mary Cowden-Clarke.

A charming little dinner of four it was—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, and myself.

Charles Dickens showed to particular advantage in his own quiet home life; and infinitely more I enjoyed this simple little meeting than a brilliant dinner party to which I was invited at his house a day or two afterwards, where a large company was assembled, and all was in superb style with a bouquet of flowers beside the plate of each lady present. On one of these more quiet occasions, when Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, their children and their few guests were sitting out of doors in the small garden in front of their Devonshire Terrace house, enjoying the first warm evening, I recollect seeing one of the little sons draw Charles Dickens apart, and stand in eager talk with him, the setting sun full upon the child's upturned face, slightly on the father's which looked smilingly down into it; and when the important conference was over, the father returned to us saying, "The little fellow

gave me so many excellent reasons why he should not go to bed so soon, that I yielded the point, and let him sit up half an hour later."

A NEW DICKENS LIBRARY

By W. A. MUNFORD, Borough Librarian, Dover

THERE must exist in this country and, indeed, all over the world, a very large number of private Dickens libraries which have been garnered by enthusiastic readers and students of the great English novelist. As a book-collector by conviction and profession, I can think of no hobby more interesting and satisfying. The fact remains, however, that there are remarkably few public collections open, without undue formality, to the Dickensian in the street. The only collections of this kind which I have been able to trace are those at The Dickens House, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the St. Bride Foundation, all in London, and a further example at the Dickens Birthplace Museum in Portsmouth. It is curious that there has been, up till now, no special public collection in Kent, the county most intimately connected with the life and works of "Boz." It may well be that these do exist, shyly hiding their attractive lights under dark bushels, and we should all be glad to hear of them.

It would seem that the new collection of nearly 250 volumes, which is now housed in the Reference Department of the Dover Public Library, fills a distinct gap. The Dover Library, which has still a few months of vigorous life before achieving its first birthday, was extremely fortunate to receive this collection, the gift of Mr. W. J. Barnes, J.P., a local bookman and Dickensian, a former Mayor of the town, and a member of the Library Committee. Mr. Barnes has patiently gathered together this collection over a period of many years, and his patience, enthusiasm, and generosity, should bring many benefits to local and other students.

The collection, which is extremely wide in its scope, containing a first edition of Forster; innumerable works on various phases of Dickens's work as journalist, poet, playwright, and novelist; many books on related topography; anthologies; criticism; pamphlets; and volumes of letters; as well as nearly twenty solutions to *Edwin Drood*, of varying plausibility. The collection has been kept up to date with the latest published material and will be augmented as time permits, both by filling gaps and by keeping abreast of the still remarkably large output of biographies, anthologies, criticism, and miscellaneous works. The collection has been arranged by a special classification, devised for the purpose, with main headings for biography, criticism, letters, topography, anthologies, dictionaries, periodicals, etc., with sub-divisions for the many compartments into which these can be divided. It may be added, without irrelevance, that we in Dover find Dickens still one of our best-read novelists and *The Dickensian* one of our best (or worst) thumbed periodicals.

It may be pointed out that Dover has not the same intimate connection with Dickens as some other Kentish towns, such as is the privilege of Rochester, Gravesend, and Broadstairs. If, however, the thoughts of Dickens were only rarely centred on Dover, they were constantly occupied with the Dover Road, its history, wayfarers, and associations. It is, therefore, in no small degree appropriate that a new Dickens Library should be found at the seaward end of the ancient English highway.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE Balance Sheet for the past year will be found on the next page, and below we give a list of special donations to the funds. We are particularly pleased to notice the donations from Branches. his is a good lead, and we sincerely trust others will follow. In this oming year of Centenary, it will be particularly appropriate for ranches to send donations so that the House in which a great part of *'ickwick* was written may be freed from all debt.

	£	s.	d.
he Dickens Fellowship	150	0	0
r. H. A. Vachell	10	0	0
rs. Brumfitt	6	6	0
hristmas Party—Swiveller Hamper	3	8	3
iss Laura Godfree	2	2	0
r. W. Blathwagt	1	0	0
r. Will Owen	0	15	0
iss P. Y. Briggs	0	10	6
t.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller ..	0	10	6
rs. F. M. Wolfe	0	10	6
r. T. P. Jones	1	0	0
iss Sara T. Newton	0	9	6
iss B. Beagley	0	2	6
oston Branch	5	0	0
Bromley Branch	14	10	4
Miss Hunt	0	10	0
heltenham Branch	5	0	0
irencester Branch	1	1	0
Nottingham Branch— Two Whist Drives per Mr. and Mrs. Guest	5	3	0
	6	6	0
Rochester Branch	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
St. Pancras Branch	3	3	0
Southend Branch	5	5	0
The Uncommercial Travellers' Club— Proceeds performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest"	21	8	0
Donation, per Mrs. Bennett ..	20	0	0
Mr. A. W. Edwards' List— League of Empire Ramble ..	1	1	0
Lt.-Col. W. Laurence Gadd's List— Lecture, Nottingham Branch..	1	10	0
Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List— Lecture, Wallington	1	1	0
Lecture, Golders Green ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Lowry's List— Lecture, Leyton Branch ..	0	15	0
Lecture, Manchester Branch ..	2	7	0
Miss D. L. Minard's List— Lecture, Rochester Branch ..	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. F. Young's List ..	0	5	6
Kodak Fellowship Ramble ..	1	1	0
National Church League Ramble	1	1	0

GIFT.

Presented by—	
M. le Comte de Suzannet .	Catalogue des Œuvres (3 Vols.), Chas. Dickens. Autograph draft of portion of the "Violated letter." Sir Luke Fildes's original drawing of Dickens's Grave.
Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, per M. le Comte de Suzannet	Photostat copies of MS. of "The Pickwick Papers."
Messrs. Lendrums Ltd. .	Knocker from the door of Dickens's "Small Star in the East."
Mrs. Annie Jannings . .	Framed letter from Dickens to J. P. Harley.
Mr. R. A. Romer . . .	Case of handkerchiefs formerly belonging to Charles and Mrs. Dickens and her maid Anne Cornelius.
Mr. Dudley H. Leggatt. .	Pair of silver knife rests bearing monogram C.C.D.
Mr. J. E. S. Sawyer. . .	Pair of brass candlesticks and other items from Gad's Hill.
Miss Gladys Storey, O.B.E.	Framed portrait sketch of Mrs. Perugini, drawn from life by the donor.
Mr. Hugh Walpole and M.G.M. Film Co. . . .	Script of "David Copperfield" film. Autographed by the cast.
Miss Anne Bentham . .	Chinese translations of *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Oliver Twist* and *Dombey and Son*.

Dr. THE DICKENS HOUSE. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1935. Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To *General Expenses*—		
Printing, Stationery, Postages, and Telephone	24 8 4	
Caretaker and Cleaning	84 14 6	
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	38 16 8	
Bank Charges	1 9 7	
		149 9 1
„ Advertising		2 2 0
„ General and Water Rates	54 4 1	
„ Lighting and Heating	89 9 11	
„ Insurance	14 9 10	
	158 3 10	
Less Received from the Dickens Fellowship	15 0 0	
		143 3 10
„ Loss on Sales		34 9 1
„ Repairs and Decorations		61 19 1
„ Interest on Mortgage		56 11 3
„ Salaries		123 10 0
„ Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		16 10 0
		£587 14 4

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Annual Subscriptions		8 8 0
„ Admission Fees		65 0 0
„ *Rents*—		
No. 49 Doughty Street	261 12 0	
The Dickensian	35 0 0	
The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
		346 12 0
„ *Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift*—		
Interest on £188 5s. 9d. 2½% Consols		4 14 0
„ Reproduction Fees		6 6 0
„ Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income for the year, carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund		156 14 4
		£587 14 4

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH APRIL, 1935.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Loans—		
On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street	1150 0 0	
Less Repaid during year	50 0 0	
		1100 0 0
The Dickens Fellowship	150 0 0	
Less Donation from the Fellowship applied in reduction of Loan	100 0 0	
		50 0 0
Sundry Creditors		70 2 7
Bank Overdraft		22 2 0
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9
Equipment and Endowment Fund—		
As at 30th April, 1934	4364 6 0	
Donations	157 8 4	
Special Donation from the Dickens Fellowship in reduction of Loan	100 0 0	
Sales of Souvenir Booklets	3 2 6	
	4624 16 10	
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income as per annexed Account	156 14 4	
		4468 2 6
		£5813 6 10

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Freehold Property (48 *and* 49 *Doughty Street*) at cost—		
As at 30th April, 1934	5083 15 2	
Improvements during the year	24 10 0	
		5108 5 2
Furniture and Fittings at cost, less depreciation—		
As at 30th April, 1934	318 16 3	
Additions during year	11 3 0	
	329 19 3	
Less Depreciation	16 10 0	
		313 9 3
Library and Museum at cost—		
As at 30th April, 1934	120 6 8	
Additions during the year	9 12 0	
		129 18 8
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.		
As certified by the Hon. Secretary		104 8 2
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
£188 5s. 9d. 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds)		102 19 9
(Market Value 30th April, 1935, £165 13s. 10d.)		
Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance		22 8 8
Cash in Hand		31 17 2
		£5813 6 10

OTHER BOOKS, PAMPHLETS from Mr. T. Cann Hughes, M.A., Mrs. A. C. Dickinson, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. Wm. Miller, Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., John Lane, Academia, Moscow, R.T.S., The Queensway Press, Henry Sotheran Ltd., Methuen and Co., Samuel French Ltd., and The Dickens Fellowship.

SCROOGE ON THE SCREEN

SCROOGE *was* a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner—at least, Dickens said he was, and who should know better ? But after seeing him in the flesh (or, should one not say, in the celluloid ?) a long conviction that Scrooge was by nature a wag, a capital actor, or even a good fairy in disguise, is confirmed.

This observation is the result of witnessing the English screen adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*, entitled "Scrooge," which the public will have the opportunity of seeing and hearing during the forthcoming Christmas season.

The oft-repeated criticism that a Dickens novel is too comprehensive for adequate dramatisation falls to the ground when the shorter works are in question, and from such a one as *A Christmas Carol* it is possible to evolve a complete scenario capable of presentation within the usual time limit. Nevertheless, the producer of the latest film deemed it necessary to omit a number of incidents which are fundamental to a true appreciation of Scrooge's translation from a "grinding screw" to a merry and benevolent old buffer. His conversion begins with the vision of his sweetheart abandoning him by reason of his heartless treatment of a young and honest debtor, and is more or less completed by the vision of her subsequent domestic bliss, most of which he has presumably been aware of for a quarter of a century. We miss the pictures of his schooldays and his happy apprenticeship culminating in Fezziwig's ball, a scene which might with advantage have replaced the gorgeous irrelevancy of the Lord Mayor's banquet, complete with National Anthem ; so that much in the first stave that makes for the plausibility of the dénouement is to seek.

Apart from the exceptions mentioned, the film follows the incidents of the story faithfully. The Cratchit scenes are all memorable, while the gruesome scene at Old Joe's, where the laundress and charwoman dispose of Scrooge's personal effects, is presented in all its sordidness.

An original feature of the production, raising it from the level of mere photographic reproduction, is the treatment of the supernatural elements. Spiritual visitations on the stage are rarely if ever convincing, and even on the screen require considerable ingenuity to handle successfully ; the director in this instance disposes of the difficulty by eliminating the visual presence most of the time. Marley is never seen ; his chains clank, the door opens silently and his voice announces to Scrooge that he (Scrooge) alone can see him. Only the Ghost of Christmas Present appears (in the substantial person of Mr.

Oscar Asche) enthroned upon a miniature mountain of most material and delectable Christmas fare. The Ghost of Christmas Future is a voice and the shadow of a pointing hand. The visions of the past and future are effectively exhibited in "masked" fashion and the fullest use is made of "fade-outs," silhouettes, and other effective means, of which the cinema alone is capable.

Sir Seymour Hicks, who has portrayed the title-rôle in the theatres and halls some 2000 times makes a very realistic and finished Scrooge and dominates the picture. An equally good performance in a lesser part is that of the distinguished character actor, Mr. Donald Calthrop as Bob Cratchit, and the brief scenes between himself and his employer are among the best things in the production, while the rest of the acting is everything one may expect from the other talented actors and actresses taking part. Altogether a sincere and stimulating version of one of the masterpieces of English fiction.

A. E. B. C.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S LODGINGS

Mr. Geo. F. Young, searching the registers at St. Anne's, Limehouse, has made an interesting discovery—the baptismal entry of Louisa Anne Huffam, born June 25th, 1824, whose father is given as Soloman Huffam, Mast Maker, of Montague Place, City Canal, Limehouse.

In the summer number of *The Dickensian* I gave reasons for believing that the City Canal was the "little Canal" at one or other end of which Captain Cuttle lodged with the redoubtable MacStinger—I thought for preference the Limehouse end.

Montague Place exists to-day despite the widening of the Canal necessitated by its conversion to the South West India Dock in 1870.

Undoubtedly, the above Soloman Huffam was related to Dickens's godfather, Christopher Huffam, whom he was visiting in Church Row about this period.

What more natural than that the young Charles should have been taken to the relatives close by in Montague Place, "on the brink of a little Canal," or what still more natural than that this mast maker's house should have suggested the "mast, oar and blockmaking" peculiar to Captain Cuttle's locality? What more certain than that the little Charles's delighted eyes would have beheld stranded leviathans "coming up the street" and mysterious swivel bridges, while even at that tender age he might have been able to distinguish between "air perfumed with chips" or with rum and sugar, which last might or might not have come from the Captain's quarters, but certainly could have been wafted over the "dirty patches of water" filling the "India docks." What more likely indeed, unless perhaps that he saw the Captain himself!

In short, as Micawber has it, I am now convinced that Montague Place can be read Brig Place, and that we may add another landmark to our Dickens's London.

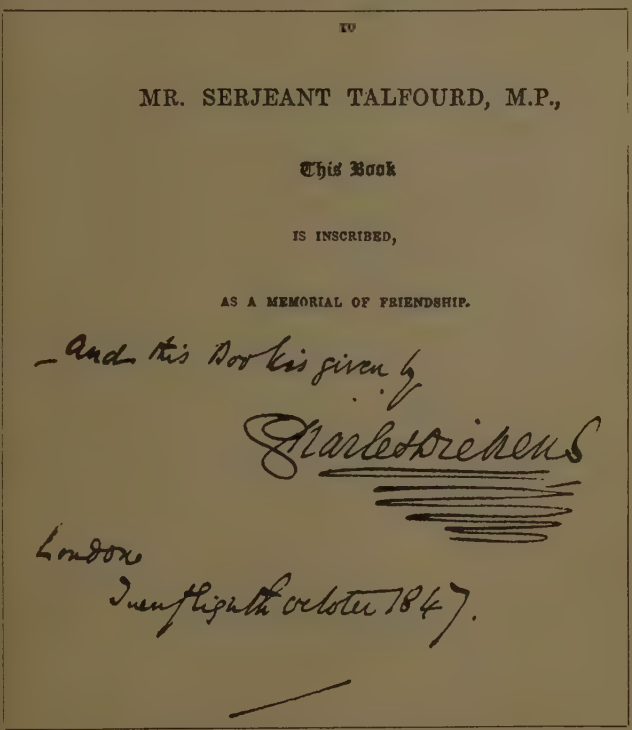
Gwen Major.

THE PICKWICK DEDICATIONS AND PREFACES

WHEN *The Pickwick Papers* was concluded in November, 1837, Dickens wrote a special preface, which was included in the last part. There was also a fairly long Dedication to Talfourd, dated from Doughty Street, September 27th, 1837, so probably the first preface was written at about the same time.

This direct appeal to his public was a means adopted by Dickens throughout the course of publication in monthly parts. What were called "Addresses" were included among the advertisement pages of No. 11 (dated April 27th, 1836), No. III (dated 30th May, 1836), No. X, No. XV, No. XVII, and No. XVIII. We shall deal with these in our next number.

The long Dedication to Talfourd appeared only in the early editions.



TO

MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P.,

This Book

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A MEMORIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

And this Book is given by

Charles Dickens

London

Twenty Eighth October 1847.

The Second Dedication to Talfourd 1847.
This Presentation copy of *The Pickwick Papers* fetched $2,300 at the Kern Sale in New York, 1929

In the first " Cheap Edition " of 1847 it was contracted into a much smaller space. Eleven years later in the " Library Edition," an entirely new dedication of " This best edition of my books " was made to John Forster and the original dedication was forgotten until 1886 when Macmillans issued the " Jubilee Edition."

As the full dedication is so seldom met with, we print it here in full.

To

MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P.

etc. etc.

My Dear Sir,

If I had not enjoyed the happiness of your private friendship, I should still have dedicated this work to you, as a slight and most inadequate acknowledgement of the inestimable services you are rendering to the literature of your country, and of the lasting benefits you will confer upon the authors of this and succeeding generations, by securing to them and their descendants a permanent interest in the copyrights of their works.

Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigour in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labours than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford.

Beside such tributes, any avowal of feeling from me, on the question to which you have devoted the combined advantages of your eloquence, character, and genius, would be powerless indeed. Nevertheless, in thus publicly expressing my deep and grateful sense of your efforts in behalf of English literature, and of those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits, I do but imperfect justice to my own strong feelings on the subject, if I do no service to you.

These few sentences would have comprised all I should have had to say, if I had only known you in your public character. On the score of private feeling, let me add one word more.

Accept the dedication of this book, my dear Sir, as a mark of my warmest regard and esteem—as a memorial of the most gratifying friendship I have ever contracted, and of some of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent—as a token of my fervent admiration of every fine quality of your head and heart—as an assurance of the truth and sincerity with which I shall ever be,

My dear Sir,

Most faithfully and sincerely yours

Charles Dickens

48, Doughty Street
September 27 1837

The preface to the first edition of 1837 is also so little known that we also print it in full.

PREFACE.

The author's object in this work was to place before the reader a constant succession of characters and incidents; to paint them in as vivid colours as he could command; and to render them at the same time life-like and amusing.

Deferring to the judgment of others in the outset of the undertaking,

events, possessed—for me—the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was as that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend *Mr. George Cruikshank*,) waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, that used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

The moment I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one ~~summer's night~~, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion—by-the-bye, how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, and there was a notion of his on the part of that admirable humourist, or of my visitor, (I forget which,) that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and

corrected proof of a page of the special preface written for the first "Cheap Edition," 47, in which Dickens told the story of the origin of *The Pickwick Papers*.
From the original in the Forster Collection Victoria and Albert Museum

he adopted the machinery of the Club, which was suggested as that best adapted to his purpose; but, finding that it tended rather to his embarrassment than otherwise, he gradually abandoned it, considering it a matter of very little importance to the work whether strictly epic justice were awarded to the Club or not.

The publication of the book in monthly numbers, containing only thirty-two pages in each, rendered it an object of paramount importance, that while the different incidents were linked together by a chain of interest strong enough to prevent their appearing unconnected or impossible, the general design should be so simple as to sustain no injury from this detached and desultory form of publication extending over twenty months. In short, it was necessary, or it appeared so to the author, that every number should be, to a certain extent, complete in itself, and yet, that the whole twenty numbers, when collected, should form one tolerably harmonious whole, each leading to the other by a gentle and not unnatural progress of adventure.

It is obvious that in a work published with a view to such considerations, no artfully woven or ingeniously complicated plot can with reason be expected. The author ventures to express a hope that he has successfully surmounted the difficulties of his undertaking. And if it be objected to *The Pickwick Papers* that they are a mere series of adventures in which the scenes are ever changing, and the characters come and go like the men and women we encounter in the real world, he can only content himself with the reflection that they claim to be nothing else, and that the same objection has been made to the works of some of the greatest novelists in the English language.

The following pages have been written from time to time, almost as the periodical occasions arose. Having been written for the most part in the society of a very dear young friend who is now no more, they are connected in the author's mind at once with the happiest period of his life, and with its saddest and most severe affliction.

It is due to the gentleman whose designs accompany the letterpress, to state that the interval has been so short between the production of each number in manuscript and its appearance in print, that the greater portions of the illustrations have been executed by the artist from the author's mere verbal description of what he intended to write.

The almost unexampled kindness and favour with which these papers have been received by the public, will be a never-failing source of gratifying and pleasant recollections while their author lives. He trusts that throughout his book no incident or expression occurs which could call a blush into the cheek, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive person. If any of his imperfect descriptions, while they afford amusement in the perusal, should induce only one reader to think better of his fellowmen, and to look upon the brighter and more kindly side of human nature, he would indeed be proud and happy to have led to such a result.

For the "Cheap Edition" of twenty years later Dickens wrote a new preface in which for the first time he told the story of the origin of the book. In the "Charles Dickens Edition" (1867) this preface was slightly altered, and a couple of new paragraphs added to deal with the claim that Seymour was the originator of the story, and it is this preface that is most often found in modern editions where any preface appears at all. W. D.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

" While living at Strood he [my grandfather] frequently met Charles Dickens, who used to take an almost daily walk from Gad's Hill with his favourite dogs. When the Statute Fair was on, my grandfather would say the novelist could invariably be found mixing with the showmen, cheap jacks, and others in the motley of the fair.

" When Dickens was writing the mysterious *Edwin Drood*, my grandfather would meet him walking round Rochester Cathedral and its precincts —the Cloisterham of the book—and would declare that he also recognised some of the characters portrayed therein. Dickens usually wore a straw hat, a velvet jacket, and smoked a meerschaum pipe.

" Another place in which the two men met was Cobham Park, and the memorial card sold in the streets at Dickens' death became one of my grandfather's treasured souvenirs. I have it now, and wonder as I read : ' England's most popular author . . . he was a sympathiser with the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed.' Why is it that nowadays, excluding royalty, perhaps, none touches us enough to produce such public tribute from the masses ? We have grown out of mourning cards, maybe, or perhaps we have too many heroes. We sparkle, we hustle, we shock, we execrate, we blast the old orders, we worship new and ill-considered ones, but Dickens did more than these things, he moved minds and warmed the heart of man.

" There was the case of a man who besought his doctor to prolong his life, not that he might make reparation, or see again some friend, but that he could read the forthcoming instalment of *Pickwick Papers*.

" I am no such Dickens fan, but how beneficial it would be if many of our novelists realised that to merit survival or even to secure sustained contemporary praise, they must tell a tale ' which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner,' and deal with the immortal hearts and minds of men and women. These things survive, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

" Every editor receives frequent letters from lunatics and from people with obsessions, but during the serialisation of Dickens' *Life of Our Lord*, I received a seemingly perfectly sane letter addressed to the author, care of the paper.

" The writer told Dickens that the articles were being read with deep interest and admiration, and added : ' Would you come to lunch with us in a restaurant one day this week or next ? If you could meet us here at twelve we could go on to lunch. If you would care to arrange a date, it would be delightful.'

" Perhaps it sounds too good to be true, but it is the fact that the author's postscript was : ' I am interested in literature.'—" Author-biography," by Cecil Hunt. (Hutchinson.)

* * * * *

DICKENS'S ENGLAND

" There was a great deal of merriment in early Victorian England, at least according to Dickens; but it was largely based on heavy feeding and drinking. The poor man's oysters might mitigate his

poverty, but what a universe of squalor and cruelty Dickens reveals! The torture and oppression of children, the savagery of punishments, the filth of the insanitary unlit streets create in me, at any rate, no nostalgic impulse.

"The 'Margate Hoy,' Lamb's beloved vessel, had become enormously popular by the beginning of the nineteenth century; the 'rough accommodations' of the 'Hoy' were later replaced by the 'fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet,' which carried prosperous City folk to the Kentish resorts. 'Boz' has described this human cargo richly, the stock-brokers, the novel-reading spinster, the general atmosphere of sandwiches, brandy-and-water, and genteel conversation on the Power of Steam. In another of Dickens's early stories, *The Tuggses at Ramsgate*, there is suggestion of the growing snobbery which makes a sharp distinction between travelling and tripping, a distinction still actively maintained.

"Think, too, of the schools in Dickens, not merely of Dotheboys, a particular scandal, remote upon the Yorkshire moors, but of Mr. Creakle's academy at Salem House, in which there is no suggestion of exceptional squalor or cruelty. It was not for the unfortunates of the world, since J. Steerforth attended, along with David Copperfield. It was just what passed for education in early Victorian England. Of course the savagery was reciprocal. . . . What they suffered at the hands of Mr. Creakle they returned upon the inoffensive head and shoulders of Mr. Mell. As they were treated, so they behaved. . . . Squalor and incompetence there still may be, but a man like Creakle would be in the police-court in a week."—"The Heart of England," by Ivor Brown. (Batsford.)

* * * * *

ENJOYING DICKENS

"Then there are all those novelists whose genius is so personal and peculiar to themselves that they seem to create a world of their own in their books, a world which exists as a separate entity from that of familiar existence. The enjoyment of Dickens, for instance, depends on the acceptance of a world which contains Mr. Micawber and Miss Mowcher, Quilp and Mr. Pumblechook, Uriah Heep and Dick Swiveller. Standards of true and false become non-existent in it, for it has only to be consistent with itself; provided the spell is upon us, and we have accepted this world, we are prepared to accept anything which happens in it.

". . . Thackeray and George Eliot might well have equalled Balzac and Stendhal if they had lived in an equally hospitable environment, and Dickens might have been a great comprehensive artist instead of only a great humorist.

"In spite of the first-rate comedy in *David Copperfield*, the vivid dramatic scenes, the vigorous narrative skill, it is marred for the modern reader by the really nauseating sentiment of the Little Emily episode . . . there is no sanity or proportion in Dickens's attitude towards the tragedy of the situation.

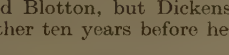
"Naturally, man's memory of his own past has always been the subject matter of fiction. . . . This is how Dickens approaches the subject, and the result is, as always with Dickens, a marvellous series of sharp-edged dramatic scenes. Or, again, Dickens, and all of us, know very well that trick of associative memory."—"The Enjoyment of Literature," by E. Drew. (Cambridge University Press.)

LORD BROUGHAM

" In 1816 the Commons agreed to appoint a Select Committee on ıe Education of the Lower Orders. Brougham was the chairman. he Committee began their investigations in the London area, where rougham had already privately mapped out the ground. . . . Within few weeks the Committee could prove that there were 120,000 ıildren in the metropolis without any means of education. It was ıe London of Dickens, of dark unpoliced slums, of " Tom-all-Alone's " om which half-starved children would creep in order to pick up a ving.

" Campbell [John, first Baron] has suggested that this [quarrel :twee Brougham and Canning] inspired the incident of the quarrel :twee Pickwick and Blotton, but Dickens was only twelve at the me, and it was another ten years before he became a Parliamentary porter.

" Brougham's schemes for the permanent reform of the Chancery ourt were less successful. Although he got rid of many sinecures, was unable to abolish the Masters in Chancery, who were the incipal cause of delay. The Court was still a scandal in the 'fifties hen Dickens wrote *Bleak House* . . ."—" Lord Brougham," by G. T. arratt. (Macmillan.)



THE DONKEY BOOK

HE truth of Jules Verne's statement that there is everything in ickens, is once more proved in the latest anthology, " The Donkey ook," published by Methuen, price 5/-. With the possible exception f the Bible there is more in Dickens about the ass both living and dead ıan in the works of any other writer ; but what a pity it is that Mr. hosphor Mallam, the editor of this truly charming volume, has over-ooked the Law that was also an ass !

OUT OF A BALLOON

ALLOON debates are becoming more popular with Dickensians. The ıtest was held by the Hackney Branch, in November. The debaters ere the Dickens characters, Mrs. Nickleby, The Ghost of Christmas resent, Scrooge (before his reformation), Mrs. Gamp, and the linguist om *Our Mutual Friend* who said " Esker ? " It was surprising hat they all had to say for themselves and the strong defence they ut up to save their lives. Poor " Esker " was the victim !

STEPHEN LEACOCK

DR. STEPHEN LEACOCK, Chairman of the Department of Economics nd Political Economy, McGill University, and a writer of international eputation, has been elected President of the Montreal Branch.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

EPORTS received from Balham, New York and Toronto Branches are nfortunately too late for this issue.

SOME PICKWICK INNS

In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Town Hall, stands an inn known far and wide by the appellation of The Great White Horse, rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane carthorse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighbourhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig—for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich.

* * * * *

Wright's next house, dear—very dear—half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows—very.

* * * * *

The travellers' room at the White Horse Cellar is, of course, uncomfortable ; it would be no travellers' room if it were not. It is the right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes, for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter : which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment.

* * * * *

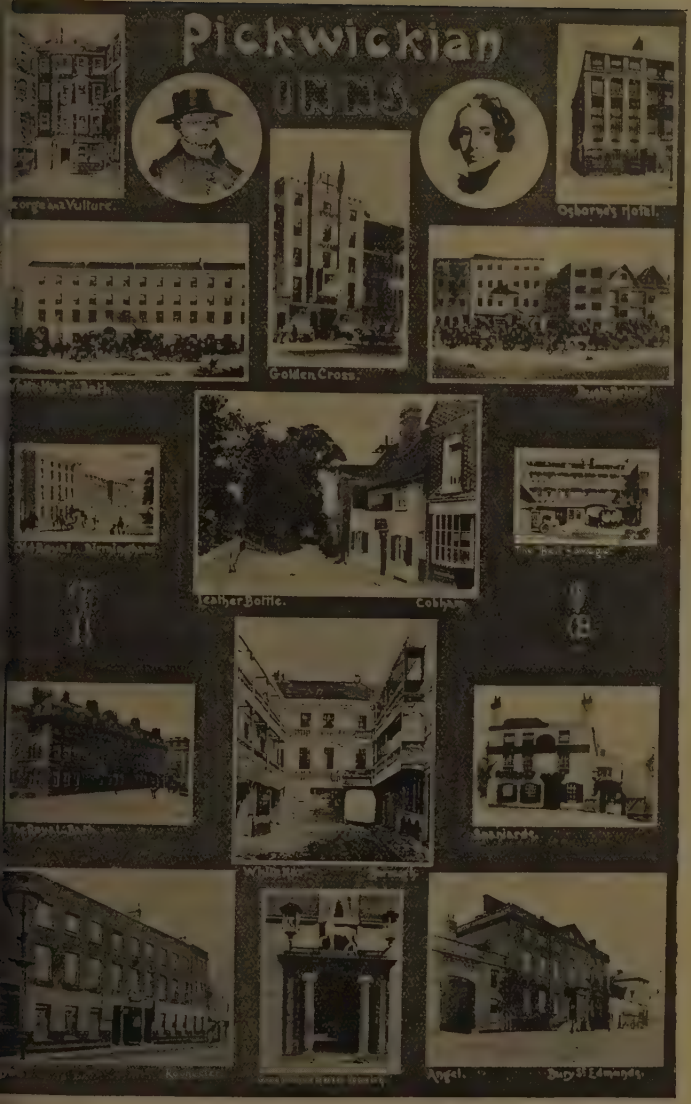
In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged. . . Great rambling, queer, old places they are, with galleries, and passages and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side.

* * * * *

It was a strange old place, built of a kind of shingle, inlaid, as it were, with cross-beams, with gable-topped windows projecting completely over the pathway, and a low door with a dark porch, and a couple of steep steps leading down into the house, instead of the modern fashion of half-a-dozen shallow ones leading up to it. It was a comfortable-looking place though, for there was a strong cheerful light in the bar-window.

* * * * *

There was an open square for the market-place ; and, in the centre of it, a large inn with a sign post in front, displaying an object very common in art, but rarely met with in nature—to wit, a blue lion with three bow-legs in the air, balancing himself on the extreme point of the centre claw of his fourth foot.



Photos by] [*T. W. Tyrrell*

PICKWICK MUSIC

(COMPILED BY W. MILLER)

THE PICKWICKIANS, a Set of Quadrilles, by Chas. F. Hausman. Philadelphia: John F. Nunns. 1838.

THE ORIGINAL SET OF PICKWICK QUADRILLES. Edited by "Boz" Junr. London: W. Wyburn. 1840.

THE IVY GREEN, a Song. Music by Mrs. Henry Dale. London: R. Cocks & Co. 1840.

THE IVY GREEN, a Song. Music by A. De Belfor. London: Tregear & Lewis. 1843.

THE IVY GREEN, a Song. Music by W. Lovell Phillips. London: Leoni Lee. 1844.

INTRODUCTION AND FAMILIAR VARIATION ON "THE IVY GREEN." Arranged by Ricardo Linter. London: D'Almaine & Co. 1844.

THE PICKWICK QUADRILLE, by Fred. Revallin. *Circa* 1844.

THE IVY GREEN, a Song. Music by Henry Russell. London: J. Bingley & W. Strange. 1846.

PICKWICK GALOP, by J. W. Turner. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1867.

PICKWICK POLKA, by E. B. Spencer. Philadelphia: J. Starr Holloway. 1868.

GABRIEL GRUB, by Mrs. Hastuck. The music composed by H. Walmsley Little. 1908.

THE PICKWICK LANCERS, by Camille Daubert. London: C. Sheard & Co. 1894.

THE IVY GREEN, a Song. Music by Arthur H. Cramp. London: David Wilcock. 1898.

PICKWICK WALSE, by Ernest Bucollossi. London: Boosey & Co. N.D.

THE WERY LAST OBSERVATIONS OF WELLER SENIOR, by J. M. Field, Boston: W. H. Oakes.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, "I Care Not for Spring" (Wardle's Song). Music by Henry Russell.

PICKWICK SET TO MUSIC, by George Le Jeune.

BOLD TURPIN, a humorous Part Song, by J. Frederick Bridge, Mus.Doc.

GABRIEL GRUB, Cantata Seria Buffa, adapted by Frederick Wood. Music by George Fox. London: B. Williams. 1881.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT DINGLEY DELL, by Ezra Read. London: W. Paxton & Co.

THE JINGLE GALOP, by Frederic Revallin. London: Cramer, Wood & Co.

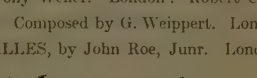
HOMMAGE A. S. PICKWICK. Paris: A. Durand & Fils.

PICKWICK TARANTELLA, by Charles Davison. London: Reed Bros.

MR. STIGGINS. Composed by Tony Weller. London: Robert Cocks & Co.

THE PICKWICK QUADRILLES. Composed by G. Weippert. London: T. E. Purdey.

ROE'S PICKWICKIAN QUADRILLES, by John Roe, Junr. London: T. Duff & Co.



SALE OF RECEIPT FOR *THE PICKWICK PAPERS*

There was sold at Sotheby's on the 11th November, a receipt by Dickens, dated 18th November, 1837, for £643, "the balance of the consideration money for the licence to print and publish, and for the purchase of two-thirds of the copyright of *The Pickwick Papers*."

It fetched £250 and the purchaser was an American collector.

Drawn by] *[Ruth Whittaker*

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY

SIR.—May I express the sense of personal pleasure it gave me to ead in the annual report of the Fellowship that the Bristol and Clifton)ickens Society had once more affiliated to the great world-wide rganisation? I have a very particular interest in the Bristol and 'lifton Dickens Society, though I doubt if there are many of its resent-day members who know it. Very well do I remember taking he first step towards its formation more than thirty-three years ago. was a young enthusiast then, and I wrote a letter to the three local apers suggesting a society of Dickens lovers. That letter appeared nonymously. It evoked a few responses, and then I wrote another tter under my own name asking those interested to communicate ith me. I received perhaps half a dozen replies, and was losing ope when after several days came a card from the late Mr. A. J. 'onkin (whom I did not know) saying he was interested in the idea. then wrote to all who had replied asking if they would be willing o share the cost of calling a meeting. All but one said "Yes," and Ir. Tonkin asked me to call at his house and discuss the matter. I pent an evening with him, and formed a valued friendship which asted until his death. We held a meeting in the Hannah More hall. think the attendance was about 18, and we decided to form a society. he late Mr. E. R. Norris Mathews, City Librarian, accepted the residency, and he started us off with a lecture-recital in the lecture heatre of the University College. We had a trip to Bath that summer, vhere I first met Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, who is now my oldest)ickensian friend, and then in the ensuing winter we had as good a yllabus as any Fellowship branch has ever had. As hon. secretary nd treasurer it was my pleasure to send a letter of good will to the neeting at Andertons hotel, at which the Fellowship was founded. Ve were then exactly six months old. I believe it to be now the oldest)ickens Society in the world. In the spring of 1903 we affiliated to he Fellowship. I had considerable difficulty in persuading the nembers to agree to this, but I felt, as I still feel, that all Dickensian rganisations should be united. A year or two later, while I was on. general secretary of the Fellowship, the Society seceded. A little ater, after I had left London, it returned, and in 1911 it was host to he annual conference at Bristol. Then it left again, and now, after a ong hiatus, it has come back once more. I am glad, because I believe t is for the good of the Society and for the cause we all have at heart. t is twenty-six years since I attended a meeting of the Society, and do not suppose there are more than two or three members who emember me, or more than half a dozen who know that I was ever ssociated with it. But among my most cherished possessions are

five large volumes each inscribed to me as founder and secretary, which were presented to me when I left Bristol for London in the summer of 1904. It is a pleasant memory that when Mr. Tonkin made that presentation he stated that every member of the society had subscribed. They gave me a pipe too, also a gold Fellowship tie-pin, and I have that still. My best wishes are always with the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society.

J. W. T. Ley.

"THE DEVIL'S WALK"

Sir,—I find the article contributed by Count de Suzannet to the Summer number of *The Dickensian* of particular interest because I have by me another poem entitled "The Devil's Walk." Not only is its satire similar, but a more striking thing about it is that it was published in London in 1831, the very year that Dickens made his contribution with the same title to Maria Beadnell's album.

The forty lines are illustrated by ten excellent drawings designed and etched by Thomas Landseer, an artist who was scarcely less eminent than his better-known brother, Sir Edwin. In the preface reference is made to "the extraordinary popularity of this little poem to which nothing has contributed so much as the question respecting its origin, and the provoking and impenetrable mystery that hung over it"; and it is then stated: "It is now pretty generally understood that . . . the first three verses and that touching the 'prisons in hell' were contributed by the Laureate, and all the rest by Mr. Coleridge." The Laureate at this time was Southey, whose life and work were so closely associated with Coleridge.

Another point of interest is the statement that "the devil has been popular over-much during the year that lately closed upon us—a year in which a far greater number of pæans were said or sung in his honour than in any other of the eighteen hundred and twenty-nine that preceded it." Some light is thrown upon this by a smaller supplementary picture of his satanic majesty revelling with sardonic glee in the pages of "The Age" and "The Sunday Times."

For at least another decade the devil continued to be fashionable in English literature. Witness the enthusiasm of Victorians for Rev. Richard Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," in which, under various names, he takes many walks abroad. Some of these whimsical and romantic rhymes appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany" at the time when Dickens was its editor. There are, indeed, many links to be discerned between the two authors—an avenue, perhaps, worthy of further exploration.

Arthur Jeffkins.

THE TWO FIELDINGS

Sir.—In the eighth chapter of *Pickwick* Dickens says, "Fielding tells us that man is fire and woman tow, etc." It may be of interest to point out that the reference does not appear to be to works of Henry Fielding, the novelist, but to "Select Proverbs of All Nations etc." by *Thomas* Fielding (5th Edition, p. 115) (early last century) "Man is fire and woman tow; the devil comes and sets them in a blaze." *Spanish.*

T. J. Bradley.

WARREN'S BLACKING

SIR.—I read with particular interest the article "Blacking and Blacking Bottles" in *The Dickensian* for March last.

Warren's Blacking is mentioned facetiously in an opening scene of a farce entitled "The Hundred Pound Note" played in Covent Garden in 1827, and in New York in 1828 it seems. I have a printed prompter's copy before me dated 1828, New York, stating "Now first printed." No author's name is given, but I believe the play is attributed to Richard S. Peake.

Scene I is laid in the yard of an inn where we are introduced to a traveller whose "fancy in the world is for oddity of character." One of these he meets when "Boots" enters the room, a witty type who might have been Sam Weller in his boyhood. Permit me to quote part of the dialogue:

"Montmorency: 'So you are the boots.'

"Billy Black: 'Yes sir—.'

"Montmorency: 'Looks like the goat in boots—you are an odd one.'

"Billy Black: 'Ha! Ha! Yes, there be'ant a pair of *me* in all this place.'

"Montmorency: 'Do you practice with *Warren*, Turner, Lainders or Hunt, eh?'

"Billy Black: 'Neither on 'em—them manufacturers get their living by whitening—not by blacking.'

"Montmorency: 'How?'

"Billy Black: 'Do you give it up sir? They chalks the walls over don't they?'

"Montmorency: 'Ha! Ha!—A character! If I have a fancy in the world it is for oddity of character——.'"

Like Dickens, the author of this farce seems to have had the contemporary manufacturers of Blacking well in mind and the above sounds like another "shot at the Warren product." The Inn, ostlers, waiters, the embryo Sam Weller, Warren v. other blacking manufacturers, as well as other characters in the farce, take us into an atmosphere reminiscent of *Pickwick*.

While Dickens was engaged in Mr. Blackmore's office, we know he attended the pit of the playhouses. I like to think that Dickens saw this farce and that the "odd" character Billy Black might have come to Dickens's mind when he, eight years later, created the immortal Sam Weller.

An idle speculation, perhaps. At any rate, it is another early example of Warren's Blacking in literature.

T. W. SCHREINER.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF *THE PICKWICK PAPERS*

ONLY forty-four pages of the original manuscript of *Pickwick* are known to be in existence. A full account of these was given in *The Dickensian* for 1932, pages 193-6. The greater part is in the possession of Dr. A. W. Rosenbach of New York, who has kindly presented to The Dickens House a photostat of each page suitably mounted and bound in a volume, to which have since been added similar copies of the six pages in the British Museum, and the remaining page in Count de Suzannet's Library.

Obituary

CHARLES SESSLER

Charles Sessler, one of the founders of the Philadelphia Branch, and internationally known bibliophile, died at his home, Merion Station, Pennsylvania, of a heart affection on September 5th. He was 80 years of age. Born in Vienna, Mr. Sessler went to the United States at the age of 27, and often proudly stated that the first books he read in English were the novels of Dickens. With a capital of $40 he started in the book business selling bibles. He made over 100 trans-Atlantic crossings in the search for rarities, and in 1931 returned from Europe with approximately two millions of dollars worth of rare books and manuscripts. In 1933, he celebrated a half century in business, receiving congratulatory messages from many distinguished writers and collectors. Many scarce Dickens items passed through his hands, notably the quill pen last used by the novelist, and the original manuscript of *The Mudfog Papers*, for which he paid $15,000 in 1927. The Philadelphia Branch was conceived in the book-shop of Mr. Sessler, and one month after its organisation he was elected a member of the Council, subsequently being named Chairman, a position he filled until his unanimous selection as Honorary President of the Branch in 1915, which he held at the time of his death. Until his health began to fail a year ago he rarely missed a meeting of the Branch or Council. J.K.T.

CANON SHATFORD

The Montreal Branch has suffered a great loss in the passing of Canon Allan P. Shatford, M.A., D.C.L., their President for five years.

Among the many tributes at the memorial service, the following was made by Mr. R. H. Mainer, Past President of the Branch : " Canon Shatford's remarkable knowledge of Dickens's novels, his piquant humour and ability to illuminate every incident so vividly that it touched the hearts of his hearers, were beyond compare. At the Birthday Dinner in February last, he spoke on the things unmentioned by Dickens, such as obscenity and salacity, and fearlessly criticised that unfortunate trend in certain modern writings. Those who were privileged to hear him at that function will long remember his satire, his pungent humour, his serious comments and the perennial freshness of his subject matter.

" The Montreal Branch gratefully remembers Canon Shatford's genial pilotage, his mastery of all that is Dickens and also the generous devotion he gave to the society. We recall that occasion just after the death of his daughter, when Canon Shatford filled his promised engagement to speak at the opening meeting of the Fellowship. A lesser soul might have with good excuse asked to be relieved of the duty, but not Canon Shatford. He came to the meeting and spoke possibly more eloquently and with more depth of feeling than on any other occasion. That was Canon Shatford's way. He never shirked a duty nor stepped aside from sharing the unusual gift of oratory with which he was so abundantly blessed."

JOSEPH HUNT STANFORD

In the passing on October 3rd of Mr. Joseph Hunt Stanford, the Toronto Branch has suffered an irreparable loss. Born in Tipton, Staffs., in 1871, he came to Canada in 1903, and served in the Canadian

Expeditionary Force in the Great War. Connected with the Toronto Branch for many years he was Vice-President for five years and President for four years. He was first President of the Boz Club of Toronto.

A man of rare intellectual gifts, sound judgment, great personal charm, and a true follower of the ideals as laid down in the writings of Charles Dickens, no call was ever made on him for assistance, even during the days of his last illness, that was not freely given, and no President ever filled his duties more conscientiously, and to his inspiration and work the Toronto Branch owes much of its success.

C.L.H.

W. G. AREY

As we go to press news reaches us from Auckland of the death after a long illness of Mr. W. G. Arey, the founder and Hon. Secretary of the Branch there. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Arey during his two visits to this country, and tender his wife and daughter, who accompanied him on the last visit, our heartfelt sympathies.

DICKENS ON THE SCREEN

A Mr. H. Sheridan-Bickers writing a review of the film of *David Copperfield* in "The Torquay Times," and deploring the fact that it was left to America to "recognise the unique motion picture values of Dickens," went on to state that he believed he was the "first scenarist to be entrusted with the adaptation of a Dickens story for the screen," nearly twenty years ago when Marie Doro appeared as Oliver Twist, made by the Paramount Company in America.

Mr. Sheridan-Bicker is not correct; an *Oliver Twist* film was made in England some three years before the American production to which he refers. It was directed in 1912, by Mr. Thomas Bentley, who recently gave us that really perfect picture of *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Our records show that both *A Christmas Carol* and *A Tale of Two Cities* were filmed in 1911, the latter by the Edison Company. In 1912, Mr. Bentley first presented "Leaves from the Books of Charles Dickens," in which he played many parts; and later in the same year he made the film version of *Oliver Twist* referred to above. *The Pickwick Papers* was given to us by the Vitagraph Company in 1913, and early in 1914 Mr. Bentley made *David Copperfield*.

In 1914, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* were both filmed by Mr. Bentley, the latter being "the biggest task ever attempted for a British film." Over one thousand people took part in the Newgate scenes.

A Christmas Carol and *Martin Chuzzlewit* both appeared the same year, but we think they were made in America.

In 1915, Mr. Bentley also gave us *Hard Times* and *Edwin Drood*. These were the pioneers.

BRISBANE

His Excellency the Governor of Queensland spoke recently at the Brisbane Branch when the Most Rev. Archbishop Wand delivered a scholarly address in praise of *David Copperfield*.

The dramatic production of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, under the direction of Miss Jean Trundle, and in aid of the Crèche and Kindergarten Association, was a great success. A Christmas Party in December will wind up one of the most successful years the branch has yet experienced.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

"Short Plays from Dickens," by Daisy Melville Vance. New York and London: Samuel French. $1.

"The Life of Charles Dickens," by Thomas Wright of Olney, Illustrated. 18s. Herbert Jenkins.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"The Way of the Pickwickians," by Edwin Harris. *Chatham Observer*, 23rd August.

"*David Copperfield* Film Supplement" to *The Picturegoer*, 14th September.

"Books That May Have Inspired Dickens." *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, 14th September.

"Dickens in France." *Irish News*, 16th September.

"Dickens Scandal Examined." *Daily Telegraph*, 24th September.

"Film of *A Tale of Two Cities*," Pages of Pictures. *Tatler*, 30th October. *To-Day's Cinema*, 18th and 25th October, 4th November. *Film Pictorial*, 12th October.

Reviews of Wright's "Life of Dickens." *Southern Daily Echo*, 24th September. *Evening Standard*, 2nd October. *Public Opinion*, 4th, October. *Glasgow Herald*, 10th October. *Peterborough Advertiser*, 11th October. *Daily Mirror*, *John o' London's Weekly* and *Statesman*. 12th October. *Truth*, 16th October. *Scotsman*, 17th October. *Quarterly Review*, October.

"Bury St. Edmunds," by E. V. Lucas. *Sunday Times*, 27th October.

LITERATURE AND THE FILMS

THIS was the subject of a recent lecture by the Rev. F. Heming Vaughan before the Liverpool Branch. He said he felt that in spite of the wonderful developments in film displays there was a danger of substituting realism for fantasy so that nothing was left to the imagination and there was no illusion such as might really belong to the story. Discussing the recent Dickens pictures, Holywood had made a genuine endeavour to put forward the real stories, and credit must be given for this, but it was still doubtful if the great characters of Dickens could be properly presented through the camera. We had been given a Joe Gargery without his native simplicity and a Micawber after the fashion of a music-hall artiste.

PICKWICK IN RUSSIA

FROM the "Moscow News" of October 24th we learn once more of the growing popularity of *Pickwick* in Russia. No less than ten thousand copies have been sold of an edition-de-luxe in three volumes published last year by the Academia. Subsequently there was a State Literary edition, also of 10,000 copies, and latterly 50,000 copies of a children's edition. These were, of course, in Russian. In English *Pickwick* forms the first title in the new "Library of English Classics."

MORE PICKWICKIAN CHARACTERS*

ABITED in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and ue glass buttons ; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red hand- rchief was wound in a very loose unstudied style round his neck id an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. am Weller.)

* * * * *

His jaws were so long and lank, that an observer would have pposed that he was drawing the flesh of his face in, for a moment, some contraction of the muscles, if his half-opened mouth and iserable expression had not announced that it was his ordinary ppearance. (The Dismal Man.)

* * * * *

A ragged head, the sandy hair of which, scrupuously parted on one de and flattened down with pomatum, was twisted into little semi- rcular tails round a flat face ornamented with a pair of small eyes and rnished with a very dirty shirt collar and a rusty-black stock. (Mr. ackson.)

* * * * *

Enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine silk collar, the tter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting coat, laid neckerchief and closely-fitting drabs. (Winkle.)

* * * * *

A study for an artist . . . with one hand gracefully concealed behind is coat-tails and the other waving in the air to assist his glowing eclamation. (Mr. Pickwick.)

* * * * *

A harmless, inoffensive, good-natured being, with a turned-up nose, nd rather turned-in legs, a cast in his eye and a halt in his gait ; and e divided his time between the church and his school. (Nathaniel ipkin.)

* * * * *

Possessed all her mother's haughtiness without the turban, and all er ill-nature without the wig. (Miss Nupkins.)

* * * * *

A comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, vith a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice nto an exquisite talent. (Mrs. Bardell.)

* * * *

Had about him that sort of slovenly smart- ness, and swaggering gait, which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the streets by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call waiters by their Christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. (Bob Sawyer.)

* * * * *

He was about the middle height, but the thin- ness of his body and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. . . . His face was thin and haggard ; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-posses- sion pervaded the whole man. (Alfred Jingle.)

* See *The Dickensian*, 1934, page 240.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Dec. 13—Lecture by Mr. W. H. Adnett, "If Dickens had lived in 1935."
Jan. 10—"Swarry."
Feb. 14—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, "A Prelude to Adventure—*The Pickwick Papers*."
Rambles on Jan. 18 and Feb. 22.

BIRMINGHAM.
Dec. 14—Lecture-Recital in aid of Poor Children's Party by Mr. John Cooper Sands.
Jan. 8—Lantern Lecture by H. Browning Button, F.R.G.S., "Famous Old Inns of England."
Feb. 8—Birthday Celebrations.
15—Birthday Party for Poor Children.

BLACKBURN.
Dec. 7—Annual Dinner.
12—Debate, "That Dickens's portrayal of male characters is superior to his portrayal of female."
Jan. 6—Invitation of Blackburn Literary Society.
9—Lecture by Mrs. Geo. Whalley, "Humour and Pathos of Dickens."
23—"All the Latest News," review of recent books on Dickens, by Mr. N. W. E. Hamm.
Feb. 13—Birthday Celebrations.
20—Visit from Preston Branch.
27—Lecture by Fr. John Cowell, S.M., "Dickens and French Literature."

BLACKPOOL.
Dec. 5—Visit from the Preston Branch.
Jan. 1—New Year's Party.
16—"The Episodic Stories," by Miss A. Myers.
"The Eatanswill Election," by Miss Hargreaves.
30—Evening arranged by Messrs. Barnfather and Bernasconi.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner at Savoy Hotel.
20—Evening arranged by Mesdames Thompson and Brammer.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.
Dec. 11—*A Christmas Carol* by Mr. A. E. Stanley.
Jan. 8—Lantern Lecture by Mr. Sturge Cotterell.
Feb. 7—Birthday Party.
12—*Little Dorrit*, by Mr. Wilson.

BROMLEY.
Dec. 11—Christmas Party.
Jan. 11—Dramatic Evening.
Feb. 7—Annual Dinner.

CHELTENHAM.
Dec. 6—Lecture by Rev. E. Gough, "The Character of Mr. Pickwick," and Sketch arranged by Mr. E. Williams.
Jan. 10—New Year Festivities.
31—Lecture by Mr. H. O. Barnett, "The Old Stock." Sketch arranged by Mr. W. Palmer.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebrations.

CIRENCESTER.
Dec. 2—Ladies' Night.
17—Reading Circle.
Jan. 6—Lecture by Mr. H. J. Legg, "A Social Reformer."
Feb. 3—Lecture by Rev. D. F. Horsefield, "Some Sidelights on Dickens."
5 and 6—Play "Nicholas Nickleby."
19—Social Evening.

EASTBOURNE.
Dec. 10—Nativity Play, "The Wonder Night," by the Good Companions.
Jan. 14—Lantern Lecture by the President of the Branch, "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," followed by concert arranged by Mr. Cecil Chatfield.
Feb. 7—Birthday Party.
11—Lecture, "More Songs in Dickens," by Mrs. Dear and the Male Voice Choir.
Dec. 10, Jan. 7, 21, Feb. 4, 18—Study Circle.

DGWARE.
Dec. 13—Christmas Party.
20—To receive gifts for St. Mary's Cripples' Home, Edgware.
Jan. 10—Character Readings from Dickens, arranged by Mrs. McLellan.
17—Lantern Lecture by Miss Minards, "The Dickens House."
Feb. 7—Birthday Party.
21—Whist Drive.
Jan. 25 and Feb. 22—Rambles.

DINBURGH.
Dec. 5—Lecture by Mr. Jas. Fisher, "The Joy of *The Pickwick Papers*."
20—Annual Dinner. Lord St. Vigeans will propose the Immortal Memory.
Jan. 9—Lecture by Hugh Hannah, "Dickens and Swinburne."
23—Lecture by Mr. W. G. Sym, M.D., "The Prisons of Dickens's Works."
31 and Feb. 1—"Gadshill." A new play on the life of Dickens.
Feb. 13—Lecture by Mr. John W. Oliver, D.Litt., "The Humbugs and Hypocrites of Dickens."
27—Lecture by Charles A. Malcolm, Ph.D., "Edinburgh in the time of Dickens."

ACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.
Dec. 18—"Scenes from *The Pickwick Papers*," by Miss Jolly and her Company.
Jan. 14—Lecture by Mr. S. J. Rust, "The Shocking Popularity of Mr. Pickwick."
Feb. 13—Recital by Mr. Frank S. Johnson.
22—Dinner at Ye Olde Dr. Butler's Head.

ULL.
Dec. 13—Pickwickian Revels.
30—Lonely Old Folks' Christmas Party.
Jan. 10—Members' Evening.
24—Lecture by the Rev. O. L. Whitmee, "An Evening with Whittier."
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebrations, Dinner Party.
21—Lecture by Miss Edna R. Leighton, B.A., "Dickens and Smollett."

ANCASTER.
Dec. 13—Visit from the Blackpool Branch.
Jan. 17—Dramatic Evening.
Feb. 14—Miscellaneous Programme.

EYTON.
Dec. 18—Members' Evening. Short Papers.
Jan. 29—Dramatic Evening.
Feb. 26—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, "Dickens Then and Now."
—Dickens Party.

IVERPOOL.
Dec. 11—Christmas Party.
Jan. 8—Lecture by Mr. G. A. Woodcock, "The First Crusade."
22—Lecture by Miss Marion M. Farmer, "Then and Now."
Feb. 5—Dramatic Readings.
8—Birthday Dance and Whist Drive.
19—Lecture by Professor Geo. S. Veitch, M.A., Litt.D., "Dickens the Historian."

ONDON.
Dec. 4—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, "Prelude to Adventure. Chairman: Mr. Bernard Darwin.
13—Annual Christmas Party at Caxton Hall ("The Den Eatanswill").
16-17—Annual Tea and Entertainment to the scholars at the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street.
Jan. 24—Lecture by Mr. Walter Dexter, "Contemporary Opinion of *Pickwick* in monthly parts," Chairman: Dr. J. M. Bullock.
Feb. 7—Lecture by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, "The Pickwicks of Bath." Chairman: Mr. Ralph Straus.
15—Ramble, conducted by Mr. G. F. Young. "The Legal Land of *Pickwick*."

ANCHESTER.
Dec. 6—An Evening for Young People. "Christmas with Dickens," by Miss M. M. Farmer.
Jan. 12—Dingley Dell Party.
24—"Impressions" in Pickwick, by Miss E. D. Biggs, Miss E. H. Turner, Mr J. Lea Axon and Mr. G. M. Farmer.
Feb. 5-8—Birthday Celebration Dramatic Performance in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

ONTREAL.
Dec. 10—"The Christmas Party at Dingley Dell," by the Dickens Players.
Jan. 20-21—Play adapted from *Pickwick*, by the Dickens Players.
28—Lecture by Prof. Nevil N. Evans, "The Pickwick Papers, Illustrated."
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
25—Members' Night. A Unique Programme.

NOTTINGHAM.
Dec. 12, 19—Readings from *The Pickwick Papers.*
Jan. 3, 14, 23 and Feb. 4—Readings from *The Pickwick Papers.*
Feb. 8—Birthday Supper and Fancy Dress Dance.
14, 25—Readings from *The Pickwick Papers.*

NEWCASTLE.
Dec. 13—Christmas Party.

PHILADELPHIA.
Dec. 18—Annual Christmas Party.
Jan. 22—Annual Meeting—Election of Officers.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
26—Sketches from *Pickwick* in costume.

PLYMOUTH.
Dec. 10—Christmas Party.
Jan. 7—Dramatic and Literary Evening, arranged by Mrs. Lilian Annear
8—Tiny Tims' Tea and Entertainment at the Guildhall.
21—Dramatic and Musical Evening, arranged by Miss Vera Cocks.
Feb. 4—Birthday Celebrations.
11—Whist Drive.
18—Surprise Evening.

PRESTON.
Dec. 5—Visit to Blackpool Branch.
12—Lecture by Canon Wallis, M.A., "*David Copperfield*; an attempted estimate."
Jan. 13—Lecture by Mr. F. W. Jackson, B A., "The Aristocrat as Dickens sees Him."
23—Visit from Blackpool Branch.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebration Dinner.

RUGBY.
Dec. 3—Ladies' Night.
Jan. 6—Reading, "Bardell *v.* Pickwick."
Feb. —Dance.
20—Visit to Blackburn Branch.

ST. PANCRAS.
Dec. 9—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Frank Johnson.
Jan. 13—Lantern Lecture by Mr. Walter Dexter, "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages."
24—New Year's Party.
Feb. 17—Lecture by Mr. G. F. Young.
20—Whist Drive in aid of The Children's Hospital.

SHEFFIELD.
Dec. 4—Whist Drive.
6—Lecture by Mr. A. Leslie Armstrong, M.C., F.S.A., F.S.I., "The Lost Towns of the Yorkshire Coast."
Jan. 10—Lecture-Recital by Rev. W. J. Targett.
15—Whist Drive.
Feb. 7—Lecture by Mr. Norman Stembridge, "Some of my Favourite Dickens Books."
8—Birthday Dinner.
22—Annual "Tiny Tims'" Party.

TORONTO.
Dec. 5—Scenes from Dickens, by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rostance.
Jan. 9—Address by Rt. Rev. Mgr. James B. Dollard, Litt.D., "An Eulogy of Dickens."
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Dec. 14—Recital of *A Christmas Carol* by Miss R. A. Young.
31—New Year's Eve Party.
Jan. 11—Five Minutes Papers.
25—Lecture by Mr. C. E. Groome, "Victorian Days and Ways."
Feb. 8—Divers letters of Charles Dickens by Mr. E. A. Botwright.
22—A Dickens Recital by Mr. Laurie Toseland.

WINNIPEG.
Dec. 12—*A Christmas Carol* by Mr. H. G. Wade.
Jan. 9—Lecture by President Sydney E. Smith, "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens."
Feb. 7—Annual Birthday Dinner.

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